

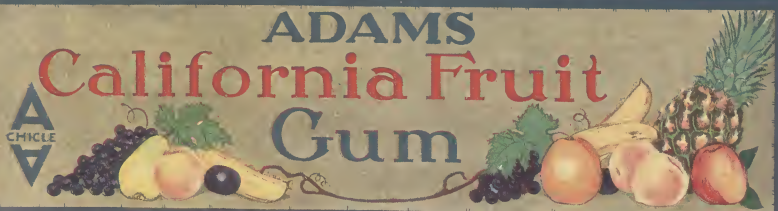
A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

SHADOWLAND

JULY

35¢







The Final Touch

The Final Touch

that so greatly enhances the charm of the naturally lovely complexion and lends to any woman that enchanting pinkness of youth always so captivating.

CARMEN COMPLEXION POWDER

The powder that *stays on* and blends so perfectly with the color and texture of the skin. It's such faithful protection in sunshine and wind — so soothing and refreshing and delightfully scented.

White, Pink, Flesh, Cream and Exquisitely New CARMEN BRUNETTE SHADE—50c Everywhere

Trial Offer

Carmen Brunette Shade—The new charming creation so popular we will send you purse size box containing two or three weeks' supply for 12c to cover postage and packing, or we will send any other shade you prefer.

Stafford-Miller Co., St. Louis, Mo.

The Final Touch





A King and His Court



T has been said that the only throne which remains unshaken is baby's. He reigns supreme while adoring parents seek untiringly to give him every comfort. How carefully the tender, flower-like skin must be bathed,—what gentle treatment is necessary if the scalp is to be kept healthy, and the hair soft and silky. Mothers know all this and many of the wisest use Resinol Soap. They know it is perfectly pure and will keep

baby wholesome and sweet,—at the same time tending to prevent rashes and chafing.

Besides being so effective for King Baby, mothers find Resinol Soap delightful for preserving and improving their own complexions. Use it as directed and see if you cannot feel how much easier the pores breathe, after being refreshed by its soothing, cleansing ingredients.

For the daily bath Father declares there is nothing more stimulating. He also says Resinol Shaving Stick is the best ever because it leaves his face free from the dry, burning, after-shaving effects.

RESINOL SOAP

*At all drug and toilet goods counters. Trial Free.
Dept. 5-B Resinol, Baltimore, Md.*





VOLUME II

Expressing the Arts

SHADOWLAND

The Magazine of Magazines

JULY, 1920



NUMBER 11

Important Features in This Issue :

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?.....*Louis Raymond Reid*
The Gory Trail of Melodrama Across the
New York Stage This Season

LITTLE OLD BABYLON *Heywood Brown*
The newest books discussed as only
Mr. Brown can discuss them.

THE STORY OF THE THEATER GUILD
..... *Frederick James Smith*
The interesting real life romance of a
remarkable band of dramatic pioneers

THE MIRROR.....*Katharine Metcalf Roof*
An original one-act play dealing
colorfully with reincarnation.

THE NEW ART OF CAMERA PAINTING
..... *Dorothy Donnell*
As exemplified by Nickolas Muray, picture
making is no longer a mere matter of technique.

REFLECTIONS OF A GENTLE CYNIC
..... *Lisa Ysaye Tarleau*
Another whimsical philosophic essay.

INTERVIEWS WITH HELEN MacKELLAR
AND LENORE ULRIC

Up-to-the-Minute Departments devoted to the Stage
and Current Fashions

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC.

SHADOWLAND

Published monthly by Brewster Publications, Inc., a New York Corporation with its principal offices at 177 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Eugene V. Brewster, President and Editor-in-Chief; Eleanor V. V. Brewster, Treasurer; E. M. Heinemann, Secretary.

Frederick James Smith, Managing Editor.

Subscription \$3.50 a year, in advance, including postage in the U. S., Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada, \$4.00 a year; in foreign countries, \$4.50. Single copies, 35 cents. Postage prepaid. One and two-cent stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

Entered at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Post Office as Second-Class matter.

Copyright, 1920, by Brewster Publications, Inc., in the United States and Great Britain.

SHADOWLAND

177 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



OUR COLOR PLATES:

Reproductions of original paintings by
Julian Rix, N. A., Norman Jacobsen and
Leo Sielke, Jr., together with a color
impression of William S. Hart by
Wynn Holcomb, and

Marguerite Gill

A dancing favorite in musical comedy and
vaudeville

Olga Petrova

The distinguished star of the drama and
the cinema who is now making
a vaudeville tour

Blanche McGarity

One of the four winners of the 1919 Fame
and Fortune Contest conducted by
the Brewster Publications

Doris Kenyon

A favorite in motion pictures and in footlight
comedy



THE LITTLE STRAGGLER

From an Original Painting
By Leo Sielke, Jr.



Painted from Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Marguerite Gill



Painted from a Photograph by Moffett, Chicago

Olga Petrosky



THE INLAND SEA
An Original Painting
By Julian Rix, N.A.



THE DOLLY SISTERS

An Exclusive Camera Study Taken for SHADOWLAND by Maurice Goldberg



Two Studies of
Lada,
the Dancer

Taken Exclusively for
SHADOWLAND
By Charlotte Fairchild





On these two
pages are four
unusual camera
studies by
Nickolas Muray



Muray is more
than an expert
mechanician of
the camera. He
sees people in
the terms of
pictorial com-
positions and
he has a
keen power to
analyze person-
alities

The New Art of Camera Painting

By Dorothy
Donnell



Nickolas Muray studied art in Budapest and modelling in Paris. Then he went to Berlin to investigate photography. Aside from all this Muray went thru a heroic and picturesque preparation for his career

JUST south-east of the Washington Arch lies the quaint region of tangled, twisting lanes and old, drowsy, gabled houses which the artist folk of New York term, lovingly, the Village; and here, among the self-conscious picturesqueness of tea-room, puppet theaters and Bohemian table d'hotes, live many eager and ardent men and women who are brave enough to be pioneers in art, to explore for beauty in new and untried ways. Some of these dare to write plays that are like life instead of like drama; some paint pictures according to their own ideas and visions instead of according to rule; some make costumes along lines of grace instead of fashion.

On a crumbling six-panelled door on Macdougall Street, beside "Ye Silhouette Shoppe," a modest card announces *Nickolas Muray, Character Portraiture*, and up three flights of uncarpeted stairs in an attic studio, with no other aids than a whitewashed wall, a black velvet curtain, a green painted kitchen chair, this young Hungarian artist-photographer is making camera compositions that lift photography from the level of a mechanical trade to a place among the fine arts.

(Continued on page 72)



Photograph by Maurice Goldberg

The Newest Russian Dance Missionaries



Both Photographs by Charlotte Fairchild

The Sakharoffs have been attracting widespread interest upon their American appearances. Entirely distinct from the Russian Ballet, they have created their own dance repertoire. Since coming to this country from Switzerland, the Sakharoffs' appearances have been in the main connected with the Chicago Opera Company. On these pages are two unusual studies of Clotilde Sakharoff, and just above is a unique portrait of Alexander Sakharoff



Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild

FLORENCE REED

Popular Star of the Cinema and the Stage



WILLIAM S. HART
An Impression
By Wynn Holcomb



Painted from Photograph by Cones, San Antonio

Blanche Mc Larity



Painted from a Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Norma Kruger



ORIENTAL BAZAAR

From a Watercolor Drawing
By Norman Jacobsen



Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

LOUISE GLAUM

A new Portrait Study of the Popular Film Star



Helen MacKellar: Stage Find of 1920

HELLEN MAC-KELLAR is come out of the West, of Scotch Presbyterian parentage and similar precedent. In her childhood and young girlhood the stage was spoken of with bated breath and piously elevated eyebrows. Yet she, personally, always felt the lure of it. So much for environment. She is college-bred, and spoke of the college days when she and the other members of her class dreamed dreams of the things they would do, the far ways they would go, the castles they would rear, when once they should be out in the great world.

"I talk with some of them now, occasionally," said Miss MacKellar, "and wonder that they seem to have so completely forgotten those rather splendid visions. Wonder they can be satisfied with the narrow lives they have led. I couldn't be!"

"Then you think that a career is everything?"

"I think that to create is everything—according to your separate and individual need. All of

Helen MacKellar came out of the West, of Scotch Presbyterian parentage and similar precedent. In her childhood the stage was spoken of with bated breath. Yet, she always felt the lure of it

Photograph by
Alfred Cherry Johnston

The Story of Helen MacKellar By Gladys Hall

us crave self-expression. The great thing is to find the medium."

"Some women consider children, marriage in the home sufficient," I suggested, apropos of the aforementioned college friends.

"That is not my conception of sufficiency," smiled Miss MacKellar, "any more than it is my conception of motherhood, the purely physical side. The old-fashioned mother was a drag rather than a spur. We have gone on."

"What do you think of tradition?"

"So many fetters holding, or trying to hold, us down."

"Mostly successful, or otherwise?"

"That depends on the person and his, or her, will to do."

Miss MacKellar gives the immediate im-



Photograph by Abbe



Miss MacKellar believes that tradition is as so many fetters holding—or trying to hold—us down. "The result," says Miss MacKellar, "depends upon the person and his, or her, will to do"

pression of a thoughtful person. There is nothing of the professional stage woman in her manner or in her attitude.

She is one who

has reached her present sphere of activity thoughtfully, consciously, absorbingly. She will go on in the same way. There is a wistfulness in her smile, admitting both of wistfulness and humor; there is a vision in her far-away gaze that seems to be seeing far things the while she talks of the immediate present, of the me and you . . . "Do you know," she said, "I believe I have much more curiosity about you than you have about me. I am dying to ask you any number of questions. When, for instance, did you begin to write? And why?"

That was an opportunity for reversal! But my curiosity gained the upper hand, thru right of way, no doubt, and we reassumed our respective interrogative positions. Not before, however, Miss MacKellar had expatiated on the subject of her enormous interest in the individual. "Every new person I meet," she told me, "is a new
(Continued on page 81)



RICHARD BENNETT

As the dreamer misfit in Eugene O'Neill's splendid drama, "Beyond the Horizon," Mr. Bennett has contributed one of the best histrionic bits of the stage year

In Greenwich Village

Special Portrait Studies by Nickolas Muray

At the right, is Harry Kemp, poet of the Village as well as the open road; below, is Bobby Edwards, exponent *de luxe* of the ukulele; and, lower right, Ilonka Karasz, a feminine artist of distinction





Photograph by Shaw Pub. Co.

Adelle Irving of 44 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass., wins a place on the SHADOWLAND Honor Roll. She has been the model for a number of prize winning photographic studies

THERE was once a poet who sang into immortality a psalm of praise for the beauty of the world. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," he chanted, and the world applauded his wisdom.

However, had the poet gazed upon the photographs which have come pouring into our offices from every part of the country, we doubt if he would have been able to retain this wisdom, for in response to the roll-call of opportunity sounded by the Fame and Fortune Contest in SHADOWLAND, THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, thousands of the most beautiful young girls in America have sent in their photographs,—and everywhere there is being shown the keenest interest in the outcome of the contest.

An Avalanche

An interesting announcement for the Fame and Fortune contestants is to the following effect:

The judges' committee will sit on July 1st and 2nd, between the hours of ten and four, at 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., to interview personally all contestants who can make it convenient to appear at that time.

Tests will be taken before the motion picture camera at Roslyn, L. I., N. Y., on the following Saturday, Sunday and Monday of all those contestants who seem qualified to be chosen for the final honor roll.

This is being done in order to alleviate the pressure of the grand finale of the contest.

We have endeavored to make this contest unique in every way possible. We have been perfectly honest and non-partial in our judgment and have played no favorites. Last year we produced a two-reel feature and called it "A Dream of Fair Women." In it there appeared the twenty-five honor roll members

of the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest, together with the final four winners. The success of this two-reel feature, which was released by the Fine Arts Pictures, 130 West 46th Street, New York City, was unprecedented. It seemed as if everybody wanted to see what the contest winners looked like and what they could do on the screen. Emboldened by this success, this year we intend to produce a five-reel feature drama which will give ample opportunity for the honor roll members and winners to prove their merit.

"Love's Redemption" is the title of the five-reel feature play that is being produced by us, which will include many of the contestants of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest. Blanche McGarity, winner of last year's contest, has been chosen to play the leading part of Peggy Dorian Romero has been selected as the "heavy." Edward Chalmers, Alfred L. Rigali, Mrs. Mayer, Bunty Manly and Erminie Gagnon have also been assigned

of Beauty

parts. Among the distinguished men who will probably take part in the play are Edwin Markham, the poet; Hudson Maxim, inventor, and Judge Frederick E. Crane of the Court of Appeals of New York State. Most of the scenes will be filmed in and around the Brewster estate at Roslyn, L. I., and the taking will be continued well into September. Each issue of every one of our several publications will hereafter contain interesting news of the progress of the play.

Now that the contest is drawing to its close, it seems as if a conflagration had struck the country, for the photographs come tumbling in pell-mell, together with telegrams and special delivery letters, daily inundating the offices of the Brewster Publications.

The readers of our magazines seem suddenly to have realized that this contest means a really sincere opportunity for them to take advantage of. They have become convinced that the long-awaited chance for the realization of their ambitions is being offered them and that their probability of winning is as good as the next fellow's.

Another fact which has greatly pleased us is the increase in the number of male entries. At first these were greatly in the minority, but emboldened, perhaps, by our insistence that the contest was open to every one, photographs of men from all parts of the country have begun to pour in. We welcome this innovation as an evidence that the contest has become an important factor to our readers, for every one well knows that, as a rule, there is difficulty in convincing a man of the sincerity of this sort of thing and that most men seem to hail from that much abused State of Missouri!

We have spared no effort to make this contest a memorable one in the history of moving picture enthusiasts. We endeavor thru the medium of this contest to bring the film industry and the movie "fan" in closer contact.



Photograph by J. H. Reeves

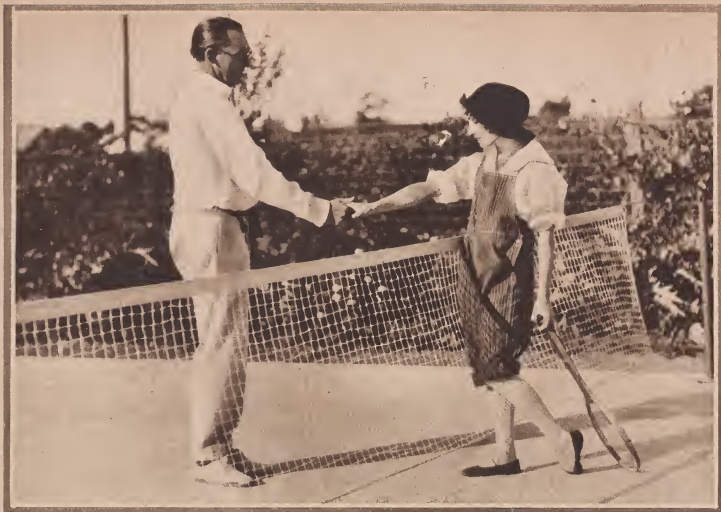
The judges of the contest will be Mary Pickford, Mme. Olga Petrova, Howard Chandler Christy, Thomas Ince, J. Stuart Blackton, Maurice Tourneur, Samuel Lumiere, Carl Laemmle, Jesse Lasky, David Belasco, Blanche Bates and Eugene V. Brewster.

The SHADOWLAND honor roll winners here pictured are:

Adelle Irving, 44 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. She has dark-brown hair and dark-blue eyes. Her complexion is brunette. She has been the model for a number of prize-winning photographic studies.

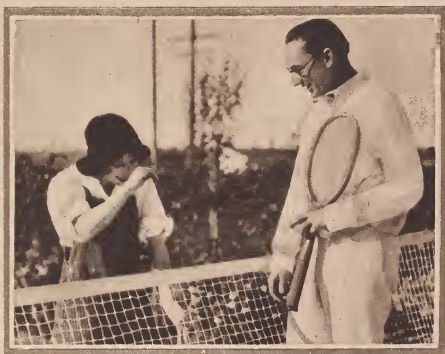
Miss Alma Gwendolyn Greene, of Jasper, Ala., has had no previous dramatic experience. She has blue-grey eyes and fair skin; while her hair is dark brown.

Alma Gwendolyn Greene, the other SHADOWLAND Honor Roll winner, is an Alabama girl, Jasper being her home. She has had no previous dramatic experience



California Tennis

Gouverneur Morris, the novelist and author of a dozen or so "best sellers," and Maurice Maeterlinck, Blue Bird philosopher *de luxe*, have been visiting the movie colony in Los Angeles. With M. Maeterlinck was Mme. Maeterlinck. Herewith are three glimpses of Mr. Morris and Mme. Maeterlinck upon the Hollywood tennis courts, wherein only film stars usually play





Photograph by Charlotte Furchold

IRENE BORDONI

The piquant Parisian star of "As You Were."



Photograph by Ira D. Schwarz

IN THE COLORFUL INDIES

Josephine Victor in the new Laurence Eyre drama, "Martinique"

The New "Florodora"

Photograph by Campbell Studio



That pleasant musical memory, "Florodora," has been revived at the Century Theater, New York. Eleanor Painter has scored in the famous role of Dolores. Above and below are glimpses of the 1920 sextette

Photograph by White





Photograph by Moffett

MADGE BELLAMY

All last season little Miss Bellamy, who is just seventeen and a Texas girl, played the "might-have-been" daughter with William Gillette in "Dear Brutus," and, according to many critics, played it better than Helen Haye. After living a few years in Denver, she went to school at St. Mary's Hall, San Antonio. Two years ago, she came to New York and went on the stage in Andrea Dippel's "The Love Mill." After that she succeeded Patricia Collinge in "Pollyanna."



Photograph by Abbe

Suds

Short Story Based Upon Mary Pickford's Newest Photoplay

By Jane Ward

THE air in the French Hand Laundry was viscid with steam, warm, wet and scented with yellow soap, starch, and damp drying garments of assorted sex that hung limply in the dimness with ghastly suggestiveness of a wholesale execution. The windows were filmed with a grey fog that occasionally condensed and trickled down in drops, affording wavery glimpses of the outside world, like objects seen under water.

It was Saturday. To the French Hand Laundry that meant a day of frenzied hurrying, of lost tempers, of continuous telephone communications from an anxious London seeking news of its Sunday shirts. Madame Jeanne Galliflet, the proprietress, by mid forenoon was a distraught creature with wild eyes and disheveled hair, and still wilder and more disheveled language. She stood by the

counter and tied up packages, lamenting the while. "A thousand thunders! Where is that son of a snail? Do they then think that laundry carries itself? Am I to leave my iron in mid-air to in all the way to Hammer-smith with a greengrocer's undershirt? Amanda! Amanda! The French Lingerie on Grosvenor Square must have its chemise! The Boiled Shirt on Blecker lacks socks to wear *au promenade* in Hyde Park tomorrow! *Amanda—Mon Dieu!* Where art thou, worthless one?"

"Is that the way—I arst you, Horace, is that the way to talk to a 'igh borned lidy?' Under the counter a head, one mass of tangled yellow curls wagged indignantly, as Amanda Affick surveyed the shapeless object on her knees, "er as wouldn't be given the job of scrubbin' floors in me father's castle—"

SUDS

Fictionized by special permission from the scenario based upon the stage play, "Op o' Me Thumb," originally produced by Charles Frohman. Produced in motion pictures by Mary Pickford for release thru United Artists. Directed by Jack Dillon. The cast:

Amanda Affick.....	Mary Pickford
Horace Greensmith.....	Albert Austin
Mme. Jeanne Galliflet.....	Mme. Rose Dione
Benjamin Pillsbury Jones.....	Harold Goodwin

"Amanda! Name of a name of a pig! Amanda—" "Was you addressing me, Ma'am?" the dandelion head appeared reluctantly from the dark recesses of the counter, followed by a small, pointed face, and lastly by a bony little figure clad in an incredibly faded garment whose wideness of waist betokened a former, plumper owner. Madame Galliflet's gaze passed these familiar details to rivet itself upon the purple thing dangling from Amanda's fingers.

"Zat shirt!" she reached across the counter and shook the culprit so earnestly that the object in her hands flew out of them and slid along the floor, sleeves outstretched like a batter sliding for a base. "Again, zat shirt! Do I pay you, I ask, for sitting under ze countair wiz a shirt? Name of a name of a name! And half London stairk naked wizout zair laundry!"

"Balmy in the crumpet!" remarked the girl in the red shirtwaist to her neighbor without lowering her voice from reasons of false delicacy.

"Off her onion!" agreed the girl with the pompadour. Amanda tossed her head haughtily as she deftly balanced the huge basket upon it.

"When Horace Greensmith, Esquire, comes for his shirt," she told them with spirit, "and tykes me away maybe you wout say them cruel woids! When I comes into me estate I'll give you me cast-off gownds and maybe you'll catch a beau among the lower classes."

She stepped out of the watery atmosphere of the Hland Laundry, and on the sidewalk paused to sniff delightedly. There was no new scent in the fetid air of London smoke

and un-
washed
life, there
was no new
sight in the
dingy
street yet
Amanda

with the wisdom of Youth, knew that at last it was Spring. The pale sunlight was warm on her sharp little, lifted face. "You'll be comin' for your shirt soon, Horace!" Amanda murmured wistfully, "soon now—"

A decrepit wagon, drawn by what looked like a rough sketch of a horse that had never been finished, drew up at the curb and a very long boy got out in sections with the effect of assembling himself on the sidewalk. He smiled at Amanda, and a miracle happened. When he smiled he became positively beautiful. "Wot ho," he greeted her, "Say, I see a flower today, a yaller one! Hi Lavender!" This to the horse which showed symptoms of sitting down. The ancient beast roared a plaintive eye toward the laundry, whence came Madame, bearing piles of bundles that must be carried from Hammersmith to the Strand, and sighing noisily, leaned his moth-eaten head against the nearby lamp-post and wept.

"Poor Lavender!" Amanda soliloquized as she turned hastily away, "we're both dubs but just wait! A little feedin' and a little grooming an' we'd both be as stylish as any. Now when my stern father relents and welcomes back his orphink child—"

A small urchin, a banana clasped to his chest, catapulted around the corner and into Amanda. She sat down promptly upon the pavement, the basket and its contents intact at her side. As she murmured prayers of gratitude for its safety an indignant Italian, proprietor of the escaping banana, leaped full into the basket, scattering shirts, undergarments and collars broadcast. Madame Galliflet, witness of the accident, bore down upon Amanda, for once speechless, and that unfortunate, casting a wild glance around, swept the bedraggled ruins of the laundry into the basket, tripped over a shirt-tail and disappeared down the chute by which the baskets were sent from the street to the basement.

Madame who had seized one handle of the basket perforce followed while a pleased and grateful audience of urchins and passers-by cheered the neatness of the performance heartily. At the bottom of the chute Amanda, in stricken silence, watched the stout proprietress pick herself up, dust herself off stonily and deliver her ultimatum. "Every one of those things shall be wash these night, do you understand? A thousand thunders!

Was ever such an unfortunate! My beautiful shirts! My excellent chemises!"

At closing time the girl of the red shirtwaist paused beside the tub to give consolation, mingled with derision. "Poor little 'Op o' me Thumb!" said she, "It's crool hard on a real

"Was you address-
ing me, Ma'am?"
The dandelion head
appeared reluctantly
from the dark
recesses of the
counter



lydy to 'ave to do such menecal work."

Amanda raised her little pointed chin at the chorus of snickers. "When Horace comes for his shirt," she began staunchly, "I'll lay me jewelled hand in his an'—"

"You aint never showed us your jewels!" winked the pompadour, "an' all we ever seen of your fine Horace is 'is shirt, an' no great of a shirt neither—eight an' a sixpence all told."

"I dont wear me tiaras and di'mond rings to me work," Amanda explained loftily, "but at me home I've got great chests full. You should see me when I dress for dinner in pink sating with a train!"

The girls laughed scornfully, but with a certain amount of awe. They knew that she was lying but such a sublimity of lying was almost magnificent. They drew closer. "If you're such a fine lady what are you doing here?" sniffed one.

"Me father, the Juke," Amanda was ready for her, "wanted me to grow up without any rank or clo'es or carriages so's to be loved for myself alone," she deftly soaped a shirt-waist, pushed back the damp hair from her cheeks with one peaked elbow and went on enjoyingly, "twas on a cruel cold winter night, and me father 'ad me locked up in me room at the castle. Suddinkly the windy was flung open and Horace comes into the room. He knelt at me feet and asked for me hand—" here a pair of pajamas was wrung out without interruption to the tale. "Beware, Horace," I says, but too late. The Juke stands in the door. 'Wot ho! Varlet,' he says, 'minion, be gone 'ence. I refuse my consent—leave the 'ouse.' 'I'm going to work in the diamond mines and come back for 'er,' my Horace says, 'for I love 'er enough to give me life for 'er—to give the very shirt off me back for 'er! and with that he takes off 'is shirt and 'ands it to me with a low bow and goes. And me father turns me out into the world to be loved for meself alone."

A triumphant flourish of a long spinstery white wool stocking completed the tale. "And so," finished Amanda, "I'm keeping the shirt done up fresh every week in memory of my Horace who's a-going to come and lead me out of this life of bondage."

"Mice in 'er attic," scoffed the girls as they went, then pityingly, "Poor little 'Op o' me Thumb!"

For four hours of the night Amanda was the Juke's daughter, then suddenly she became aware of strange sounds. From the street outside came the tap, tap of a hobby's night-stick. Amanda knew very well what the sound was but—her lively imagination suggested—it might be a robber or even a murderer. The windows rattled fretfully under the fingers of the wind, but suppose it were a ghost escaped from Westminster trying to get in after its clothes? A little grey shadow slipped across the sodden floor, a mouse, as she knew very well, but her small, weary face grew pale and she buried her head in the damp shirt she was washing so tenderly and burst into a muffled wail. "Oh, Horace! Horace Green-smith, Esquire, To-Be-Called-For, why dont you come after your shirt? Oh, you was so awful handsome. Horace! I aint much to look at on the outside, but inside I'm perfectly beautiful. Horace. I've got a blonde soul



Photograph by Abbe

with curly hair and blue eyes—"

She got out the irons, presently, heaped coal on the fire and began the endless task of ironing. The cold, grey light of early morning was showing thru the windows when she finished the last piece, folded it carefully and put on her shapeless old coat and dragged felt hat with its single limp feather. One shirt she took from the pile and laid away on a shelf with a tag fastened thru the button-hole, "To be called for." She had just done up that shirt for the twentieth time. A memory came to her of that one, ecstatic glimpse of its owner, tall, with dark romantic curls, red lips that curled over white teeth when he smiled—and he *had* smiled at her! She had had that frail, unsubstantial foundation for her piteous dreaming. She touched the shirt softly with her small, red, tired fingers.

"You and me know it's all made up, Horace," she smiled, "but we wont let the rest know it! I guess I got a right to a castle and a juke father and all that!"

By Monday afternoon Amanda was the Juke's daughter again. She was free for a delightful hour from the laundry, thanks to a certain silk crepe waist that had to be delivered to Grosvenor Square. On the way back she dallied daringly, watching the fenced-in square of

"I dont wear me tiaras and di'mond rings to me work," Amanda explained loftily



Photograph by Abbe

Amanda's faith was proof against jibes. There was Spring in the air, even in the steamy, sulky air of the laundry—and Spring's magic

green and the glow of daffodils in a bed in the center with fast beating heart. The stir of life that sent their roots upward bravely to the light thru the sour city soil trembled thru her whole meager body.

Something within her groped for the light—

The rich perfume of a passing fishmonger's barrow reminded her of the penny the crepe waist owner had given her. She considered thoughtfully. Beyond an old woman with a tray of dried lavender flowers set up shrill competition for her trade. Amanda's soul decided on the lavender, her stomach clamored for the fish. She compromised. Fish in hand, and munching enjoyingly, she paused by the sweet scented tray and sniffed deeply. "Umm!" gloated Amanda, then sociably. "I got a horse named Lavender, a fiery charger. Every day they bring him to the castle—"

The old woman spoke coarsely and with conviction. The gist of her remarks, expurgated, was that she did not believe Amanda. Pained, Amanda, wandered back to the French Hand Laundry, sharing her fish with a dog along the way. On the curbing sat hunched up, a desolate figure. When he saw Amanda, he smeared a sleeve hurriedly across his face but she wasn't to be deceived.

"Ben Pillsbury!" she cried. "Woths the matter? An' where's Lavender?"

"Gone," said Ben heavily. "The Madame got mad becoss the bobby said he was too old to work an' she sen fr' the boneyard men. They took 'im away in a wagon." He tried to speak philosophically. "E got a ride, anyhow with some 'un else a-pulling the cart!"

"They're goin' to make Lavender into glue?" Pale horror sat upon Amanda's small, unbeautiful features. One hard little hand dived down among intimate recesses of her dingy garments and reappeared holding a crumpled, unopened brown envelope. Ben's cry of protest fell upon heedless air as Amanda disappeared on desperate legs down the street.

"Er pay!" he breathed, awed. "I'll be blowed! She's a good 'un, is Amanda, a rare 'un!" So might have spoken a plumed knight of old about his lady fair.

Old Lavender faced imminent dissolution philosophically. He had drawn heavy laundry wagons for fourteen of his sixteen years, all of which had been lived in London. He had never seen a green field, nor felt the free wind blowing thru his mane, yet he, too, had had his dreams. Perhaps now they would come true. He faced his executioner with a lift of his heavy old head, and nickered gently, plaintively.

Into the yard sped a small, frowzy whirlwind, struck the stoutish man with the leveled revolver amidstships and crumpled him. Amanda's face was wan. She held the brown envelope into his face as tho for him to sniff, jerking an elbow backward toward the patient old beast. "I'll buy 'im. Tyke me pay—it's all I got but we aint neither o' us 'arty eaters, me an' Lavender!"

An' then I'll be coming into me fortune soon—"

A half hour later Lady Agatha Burks, the widow of a Colonial Governor-General whose form of self-expression was flannel and soup bones for the poor, driving thru the purlieus of Featherbed Land, was amazed to see a very small girl apparently pulling a very large, very reluctant horse up the steep outside staircase of a tenement house to the vociferous cheers of several chimney sweeps, and the disapproval of the other tenants. Lady Agatha, rapping with a large, shapely gloved hand on the window of her carriage descended.

In ten minutes she had the tale of Amanda, Daughter of a Juke, and her fiery charger, high Lavender, who would "look fierier when he 'ad a little feedin'." Oddly enough she found nothing to smile at in this scrawny slim child's romancing.

"But—till you—er—come into your estate," she asked respectfully, of Amanda, "you must have a place to keep your—er—charger. Now suppose you trust him to me. I live in the country outside of London where there are green pastures, and other horses to keep him company, and you could come and see him sometimes—"

"Me—and Horace!" Amanda supplemented breathlessly. "Ow! Wouldn't that be 'Eavenly!' as nice as riding the steam callopie at 'Enstead almost."

So then Lady Agatha heard about Horace too, and the

(Continued on page 65)

Two
Ben Ali
Haggin
Tableaux



Above, Mr. Haggin's scene, "The Witching Hour," in the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic and, below, Mr. Haggin's "The Feast," a tableau in the 9 o'Clock Revue

Exclusive photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston





MARJORIE DAW

Abbe's Exclusive Study of One of Screenland's Favorite Ingénues

The Story of the Theater Guild

By Frederick
James Smith

MANY of the professional critics of the theater have taken it upon themselves to condemn the Theater Guild because, in the year of its existence, not a single native dramatist of importance has been revealed—and no real effort to develop a new personality has appeared upon the surface.

Which may or may not be beside the point. At least, the Theater Guild has forged its ways along a precarious path to a certain—and distinct—niche in the American theater. Absolutely without financial backing and existing wholly upon a cooperative basis, the guild has fought its fight successfully for nearly two seasons.

Literally the guild is a successor to the Washington Square Players. When that once exceedingly promising organization expired, three interested Washingtonians got together and, actuated by a belief that the old standard could still be carried forward, created the guild.

The creation process was not an easy one. "The idea first developed with Lawrence Langner, Phillip Moeller and I," says Helen Westley, in relating the guild's birth. "Rollo Peters joined us and our meetings drew thirty or forty people interested in the drama. From these meetings was sifted a board of directors comprising Helen Freeman, Mr. Langner, Mr. Moeller, Lee Simonson, Maurice Wertheim and myself. Mr. Peters became the first executive director." It is interesting to note that the same board of directors still maps out the destinies of the guild.

So the guild, created upon a cooperative basis, came into being. The French Players had just left the Garrick Theater and the guild managed to secure that house. It has been its home ever since.

Where the Washington Square Players had devoted their time to one-act plays, with an exception or two, the guild resolved to present full-length dramas. Now it is



Photograph by Ira D. Schwarz

far more difficult to adequately do a play running an entire evening than a program of short playlets, but the guild organizers felt that they must rise or fall thru exerting their complete scope.

On April 4, 1919, the guild presented "Bonds of Interest," adapted from the Spanish of Jacinto Benavente. In the treasury was exactly \$500. No particular interest was manifested by the general public in the production and a few weeks later St. John Ervine's "John Ferguson" was offered. On the night that "John Ferguson" opened—May 12, 1919—exactly \$19.45 remained in the treasury and a few weeks later St. John Ervine's "John Ferguson"

To Mr. Langner, of the board of directors, belongs the credit for securing "John Ferguson." This drama, it is true, had been presented by the Dublin National Theater and also in England, but it was only known in this country in published form. Yet the play had been available for five years.

Mr. Langner read it and cabled to Ervine, who, wounded and ill after his service in Flanders, was con-

Scene from the Theater Guild's production of St. John Ervine's "Jane Clegg" with Margaret Wycherly and Dudley Digges



Photograph by Frances Brugiere

Helen Westley, one of the founders and chief factors in the Theater Guild

valescening in England. "Who on earth is Langner?" asked Ervine,

but he cabled production permission, half believing Langner to be connected with some amateur or semi-professional dramatic organization and that "John Ferguson" would be done once or perhaps twice.

The success of "John Ferguson" is a matter of dramatic history. It ran thru the summer and moved uptown to another theater. Royalties began to pour in upon the surprised Ervine. Fate played into the hands of the guild. When the nation-wide actors' strike closed every metropolitan theater, the guild, operating on the co-operative plan, remained open with "John Ferguson."

Result—the guild started its second season with considerably more than \$19.45 in its treasury. The directors felt that the full function of the organization meant the creation of a repertoire and that at least five productions should be made a year. The guild launched the season on October 13, 1919, with Masefield's "The Faithful," followed with "The Rise of Silas Lapham," adapted by Lillian Sabine from William Dean Howell's novel.

The third production was Tolstoi's "The Power of Darkness," which attracted the first real

Helen Freeman and Augustin Duncan in the Guild's production of Ervine's "John Ferguson"

Photograph by White

response of the season from the public. Then, on February 23, the guild offered Ervine's "Jane Clegg."

With "Jane Clegg" the guild launched into a second period of high prosperity. The second Ervine play doubled the record of its predecessor, "John Ferguson," even in its first weeks and, at this writing, is still running at the Garrick. Its popularity temporarily side-tracked the guild's five-plays-a-year policy, but the organization has lived up to its promises by offering Strindberg's "Dance of Death" for a series of special matinees.

It is manifestly true that the guild has not contributed to the advance of the struggling American playwright. Its success has been won with two plays of an Irishman already revealed to the intellectual world by the Dublin Theater. Plainly, the full mission of the guild has not been sounded.

Next year, however, at least one native drama is promised. Moreover, the guild has proven that thoughtful workers in the drama, sharing alike, can maintain a theater in so-called commercial New York. Having proven this, the coming season will be of unusual interest to the students of the theater.

The guild, it is interesting to note, is organized along commercial theater lines, save that the cooperative idea runs thru the entire personnel. The board of directors governs the organization. Since Mr. Peters, the first executive director, left the organization late last year to go to Europe, the post has been vacant, altho Lee Simonson, the scenic director, is actually acting in this capacity. A great portion of the theater

(Continued on page 63)



Little Old Babylon

By Heywood Broun

THERE is so little team work among the authors of our day that one can hardly blame the poor reader who finds nothing but bewilderment in all his research. For instance, we happened to read Vicente Blasco Ibanez's "Woman Triumphant" on Tuesday and Wednesday, while on Thursday and Friday we were engaged with a book of sermons by Dr. John Roach Straton called "The Menace of Immorality in Church and State." The novel was all about an artist who loved the beauty of the human body and wanted to make a picture of his wife, but when the painting was finished she took a knife and cut it into little pieces. The artist was more than annoyed. This act of vandalism practically ruined his life. Thereafter, instead of painting the nudes which he adored, he did pictures of copper kettles and broiled shad. His heart was not in such things. He died famous, but disappointed. The story moved us to such a point that for a day we went about cursing the tyranny of clothes. Why, we thought, has the world allowed this ugly woolen barrier to come between us and Greek ideals. But then we read Dr. Straton and found that New York City will soon be hit by a tidal wave or an earthquake if women continue the present styles.

"A fossilized octogenarian," writes the good doctor, "or a self-complacent mollicoddle, with ice-water in his veins, may be able to look at the sights which any man can see in modern society today, and in the dance hold in his arms a throbbing, beautiful young woman, with almost half her body exposed, and the other half clothed in good intentions—such a man, I say, under these circumstances may maintain a philosophic calm, but any young fellow with red blood in his veins and the elemental forces of nature operating in him, cannot so easily do so."

It will be observed that there is a common sensuous quality in the style of the clergyman and the Spanish novelist. Dr. Straton, however, also possesses a tremolo

which is not in the repertoire of Ibanez. Consider the story of the famous reform worker and the little child:

"I once heard one of the most famous reform workers of this city explain why she gave up low-cut gowns. She explained that she was ready to start for the theater one night in such a dress, when her little boy of five said to her, 'But, mother, you are not going that way? You are not dressed.' And then, with trembling voice, she told us how all the evening thru, as she sat in the playhouse, she kept hearing that sweet, childish voice saying, 'Not dressed! Not dressed! Not dressed!' until at last, with the blush of shame mounting to her cheeks, and with the realization that a Christian mother should dress differently from the idle and Godless women of the world, she drew her cloak about her and went home, dressed—or rather undressed—for the last time in such a costume!"

Personally, we are much opposed to the spanking of children under any circumstances whatsoever, but it seems to us that an exception might well have been made in this case. The child in our house may shout and rampage with impunity, but he will go too far the instant he

begins to make personal remarks about the style of his father's clothes on any occasion.

And yet we have a soft spot in our heart for Dr. John Roach Straton. He has painted a more stirring and exciting world than any novelist of the month. Best of all, he finds glamor and romance right in New York. He has found crimson and purple in the routine of the big town. O. Henry saw us as Bagdad-on-the-Subway, but Dr. Straton has refreshed the spirits of all weary New Yorkers by telling us that we live in the modern Babylon. There is a tonic quality in such teaching for the man from the Bronx or Flatbush who thought of the city as dreary and dull. Indeed, if Dr. Straton is right, the novelists and the moving picture men have been getting our money under false pretenses. (Continued on page 64)



Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild

Mlle. SPINELLY

"Spi," the Paris and London favorite, recently invaded America via the Ziegfeld Roof

Reflections of a Gentle Cynic

By Lisa Ysaye Tarleau

NOTHING GENTLE reader, I am presenting to you the shadow of a lady who has just left this dull and dreary world of ours, and I can assure you that even as a shadow the lady is charming. It is, therefore, not a fearful appearance, you see, but a well-dressed spirit, ruffled and frilled and with a hint of an exotic perfume which is a little bit risqué without being really questionable. And just like her perfume the lady was in life, not questionable, but risqué; not actually burning down the house of her good repute in one vast emotional conflagration, but playing prettily with forbidden fires and warming her slim and pale hands over hidden flames that had a sulphurous tinge. You have heard of the *grandes amoureuses* who in shameless splendor played the drama (or was it the comedy?) of their untamed desires and their wild passions before the breathless audience of a shocked and delighted world. Well, our lady did not belong to this genre of femininity. She was, if I may say so, a *petite amoureuse*; not a tigress of love, but a sleek little white cat, stealing the sweet milk of kisses and caresses and giving in exchange a purr and, perhaps, even a scratch. But now all this is over. Her soul was weighed and found wanting, and the time of penance has come.

We meet the lady in the waiting-room of the Inferno, into which Satan himself had ushered her. To her surprise, the Prince of Sin and Darkness did not look at all as she had pictured him, neither as devilish and rakish, nor as amused and cynical and clever as we mortals are apt to believe. For, in fact, he is rather bored and weary and utterly disillusioned. Once he was the swiftest and most splendid of all angels, and the divine adventures of the farthest stars were calling to him; and now he is the warden of a ghostly penitentiary. Can he help being melancholy?

The lady, or rather the shadow of the lady, paces up and down the waiting-room and soliloquizes. The things she says may sound silly to you, gentle reader; you may find them mostly second-hand phrases; cant; half-read and even less understood aperçus,

but the lady was in the habit of saying just such things during her stay in Time, and they are the only mental equipment she took with her to Eternity. Listen, then, to the charming sinner and the things she has to tell.

"Well, now . . . it has come; my penance shall begin. But I am willing to be punished, I will not flinch nor draw back . . . I am willing to lie on burning ploughshares and to shiver in the eternal ice of the lost souls. I am willing to suffer as Paolo and Francesca have suffered, as Fra Dolcin and his blonde love. Even the most terrible tortures I will endure smilingly. I have lived my life and I have loved it, and now I will pay the price. The pride of my heart will never be broken and the joy of my past delights will never leave me . . .

"I think there is a certain amount of pleasure even in pain. Tortures and caresses are, somehow, related to each other, and, surely, I shall find even in the poisoned flower of my sufferings a drop of the honey sweetness of bygone days. I only wish they would begin, they would come . . . I am just in the mood . . .

"How miserably dull and dreary this room here is; not only tasteless, but colorless. Even the antechamber to

the Inferno ought to have a certain character; it can be fearful, but it should not be boring. This wall-paper alone is enough to depress even the most courageous spirit. I think my maid had such a wall-paper in her room, but her aesthetic needs and mine are, of course, somewhat different.

"Boredom almost oozes thru these walls; I think I can touch here ennui with my hands as if it were a loathsome and sticky liquid. What a delight the tortures will be compared with this intolerable waiting! One suffers, but at least something happens, and anything that happens is endurable . . .

"I always loved things to happen; all my life I demanded the breathless rush of events; my heart was ever longing, searching, asking, tasting the cups of pleasure and breaking the bread of delight. And now another cup will be filled for me, the cup of pain, and I am almost
(Continued on page 63)



THEODORE DREISER

Exponent of the grim Naturalistic School in American Letters

Who Killed Cock Robin?

The Season's Gory Trail of Playwriting

By Louis Raymond Reid

WHO killed Cock Robin was a pressing theatrical question all season. Indeed, this year it was all absorbing. The circumstances attending the assassination of this young figure—Broadway insists characteristically, upon the slangy term "bird"—have always fascinated a certain class of playwrights. They have written its details time and again in lurid colors and splashy headlines, for that Hearst of the theater, A. H. Woods, and the good public has responded with good nature and generosity.

The old murder mystery has a remarkable vitality. Perhaps it is just as well. Had Mr. Robin's physique not been so vulnerable to the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, the stage might easily have been dominated by bedroom farces. But murder was done just in time to save the Grand Rapids school of drama from gaining sway in the American theater. And for that we must be thankful. Too much lingerie and lies against a background of walnut or mahogany would have induced

me, however, "Scandal" must and shall remain farce, for it could not have been conceived, much less written, without the tongue placed securely against the cheek.

On the other side of the ledger we find a veritable trail of gore. Naturally you observe that red ink has been used. In fact, it has oozed and trickled and poured from the playwrights' pens. Everybody's doing it. Even Channing Pollock, who has usually been identified with comedies and revues, has shaken the prosecutor's long arm of coincidence in the direction of the gun play. His melodrama, "The Sign on the Door" all season at the Republic Theater, goes a long way toward vindicating the impulse which sent C. Robin to his death. Incidentally, it should place Mr. Pollock far up on the heights of prosperity, even tho the play lacks one of those amusing characters, such as Jimmy Gilley or Aggie Lynch, that made George Broadhurst and Bayard Veiller such popular writers for the stage.

It is not difficult to recognize the reasons why the subject of the murder of Cock Robin holds such thrall-dom over playwrights. It is a subject of tremendous fascination. It pulsates with primitive emotions. It contains the air of mystery which envelops all good detective stories. It concerns a variety of temperaments. It teems with action. And whether Sherlock Holmes or Father Brown or Nick Carter are associated with the case matters little. After all, Conan Doyle and Owen Davis are brothers under the skin. And when they have apprehended the assassin and learnt that the motives for the crime would never convict him with the average jury, there is little for the playgoer to do but agree and go home somewhat tired—but excited.

Practically all
(Continued on page
76)

A healthy balance has been maintained and we can thank our stars, as well as the managers and the playwrights who have refused to compromise their ideals. Bee-thoven and Irving Berlin, the *Atlantic Monthly* and *Jim Jam Jams*, James Branch Cabell and Harold Bell Wright, W. S. Maugham and Owen Davis—we have them all. How can America go to the dogs while its pendulum of taste swings in each direction?

This season saw the bedroom farce holding its own with such representations as "The Girl in the Limousine," "Nightie Night," "No More Blondes" and "Scandal," which the statisticians would place under the head of comedy drama. To



MARGOT KELLY

The Titian-Haired Actress Appearing in the revival of "Florodora"



Three Camera Lyrics

Photographic Studies made by Robert Conklin
of Chicago for SHADOWLAND





Photographs by Ira L. Hill

LENORE ULRIC is eminently satisfactory to one's dramatic instinct. She was to mine, at least, about which alone I may speak advisedly.

I am speaking of her apart from the footlights and the smothered Belascoian orchestration. Even her name cannot be improved upon for a title. The musicality of it, the suggestion of it, the color, the melancholy, the plaint of it, would have given delight to Poe, would have been seized upon by Wilde. Lenore . . .

I awaited her, one evening, in her dressing-room at the theater. Usually I am bored in a dressing-room. There is, almost always, no reason *not* to be. Unless one can account divers cold-cream jars, huge eye-pencils and dilapidated rabbits' feet as reasons.

On this occasion I was not bored, because a personality spoke in and about the place. A vivid being had been here and left an impress. Lenore was everywhere suggested . . .

It contained at least two, (I want to say a dozen or more, but veracity tweaks my ear), dolls in painstakingly correct Chinese costumes. They hung one each side of the dressing-table. There was a soft and inviting couch, odd bits of antique and colored cretonne, and a good half-dozen of Mr. Belasco's pictures, heavily framed. They were autographed, too, and I ruined

Lenore

two hitherto undepleted eyes in an endeavor to decipher the inscriptions, for which diverse art I have a passion, but failed. Just as I got past the "To L—" "L" herself came swiftly in.

She is like that—swift. Subtle, too, and sharp. One gets an impressionistic picture of a young thing with a thicket of dark hair, a scarlet mouth, dark eyes, a slender, vital sort of body, an eager manner. A warm handshake, a sort of impelling cordiality. I thought, at once, of Tiger Rose. It occurred to me then that she was sharply more like Tiger Rose than like the Swallow in "The Son-Daughter." That was a first impression; impressions, with Lenore, follow one another in rapid, always colorful sequence.

After talking a while, certain characteristics of the little Chinese maiden to whom duty and love of country came first showed themselves. A certain witfulness . . . a certain shy appeal

One gets an impressionistic picture of Lenore Ulric: A young thing with a thicket of dark hair, a scarlet mouth, dark eyes, a slender, vital sort of body, an eager manner. You think at once of "Tiger Rose"



By Gladys Hall

of the child . . . a reverence for great persons . . . a naïve distrust of self. Characteristics seldom, if ever, a part of the world weary, the worldly wise . . .

To wit: I asked her of Mr. Belasco, his methods of production, his personality, *et al.* She looked quite somber and serious, quite rapt and reverential. She clasped her hands.

"I call him 'God,'" she said.

I exclaimed.

She gave a little laugh. "*He* exclaims like that, too," she said, "but he seems like that to me. Aside from his genius, he is so patient, so good, so kind. We are always so glad when we know he is in the theater. He is an inspiration. His whole attitude is, always, 'I know that you can do it.' And that is why we generally do."

I asked her whether she believed in the character she was playing in "The Son-Daughter." Whether she thought a woman would, or could, sacrifice her personal love of a man for the more abstract, the colder love of country, or duty.

She said that she did think so. At first she had not. But she has been going deeper and deeper into the character of the Chinese Swallow, research being another and a very marked attribute of Mr. Belasco's, and the deeper she goes, the more convinced she becomes of the logical process of Lien-Wha's mental processes.

"You see," she said, "she was brought up that way. Day by day and hour by hour it was dinned into her—love of country, obedience to her father, obedience to her father, love of country, over and over and over again. We are plastic, after all, and it all had its effect."

"But women in general," I asked, "you and I . . . all of us . . ."

"I believe," she said, "that we are all much better people, inside of us, than we are given credit for being, or give ourselves credit for being. We do not know, any one of us, what we will do when the great call comes, when the hour is struck. I do believe, tho, that most of us would play up, most of us would rally to the sacrifice as finely and as wholly as the little Chinese Swallow did. We have unsuspected depths, you and I . . ."



Photograph by Ira L. Hill

I departed with a sort of pleasurable sensation. It was not so much what she had said, because most of it had been details about Mr. Belasco's research work in order to produce "The Son-Daughter" and the rest had been about Mr. Belasco himself; but the pleasurable sensation

persisted. I felt as tho I had been admitted for that brief period of time, *into* the theater. All the lure of it, all the mystery, all the departure, thrilling and dark, from the more humdrum every-day. I felt that my sense of the dramatic had been satisfied by a personality.

I went back to my first impression . . . of swiftness and vividness . . . of poppies . . . and tiger lilies . . . of drama and orchestration . . . all young, fierce, extraordinary things . . . and the Poe-like musicality of the name, Lenore . . . of having come in direct contact with a strongly vibrant personality; a personality it would not be easy to forget . . .

"I believe," says Miss Ulric, "that we are all much better people, inside of us, than we are given credit for being, or give ourselves credit for being. We do not know, any one of us, what we will do when the great call comes"



Impressions of Broadway

By
Messaguer



Upper left, William Gillette; upper right, E. H. Sothern; center, Messaguer's idea of Enrico Caruso; lower left, Seguro of the "Met"; lower right, Philip Moeller, the playwright



My Lady Fashion

By The Rambler

A GAIN the miracle of summer. Long, sunny days, green trees, vine-hung porches, the scent of flowers, the lure of the mountains, the seashore, of quiet places. The casting aside of our winter duvetyns and velours, our spring tweeds and sportspuns. The choosing of cool voiles, crisp linens, dainty swisses and organdies, sturdy gabardines and surf satins. One realizes that more than ever personal taste governs fashions today and in the hands of the smartly dressed woman lies the fate of every style launched.

THE SUMMER MODE

Just before the spring openings it was believed that this season we would see a continuation of panniered and very much wired dresses. The *robe de style* of the eighteenth century has been the inspiration for many of the quaint, picturesque, voluminous hoop-skirted creations seen on the stage during the past season. Altogether delightful they were, too, and so charming were the modernized models displayed in the shops, it was feared that the style would be adopted by all and pushed to exaggeration, which would have been sad indeed!

The general note of the openings is rather of straight lines with moderate fullness and but slight draperies. For daytime wear, clothes continue to be on fairly straight lines, with some accentuation at the hips. Afternoon and evening dresses continue to exhibit the widest variety of line and fabric. An advance showing of Lucile models shows that the garments which will be sponsored by Lady Duff Gordon fall naturally into two types: long, draped effects for the tall woman, and short, puffed or fullered effects for the small one. In this way the distinctive charm of each type is kept and accentuated. An original interpretation of the pannier

Black and white foulard bound with white satin, white organdie chemise. Black straw hat with white flowers. Designed by Mme. Frances

Photograph by Geisler & Andrews





places it well below the curve of the hip, so that the slender lines of the modern supple waist are not concealed by masses of material. All thru this collection the accentuation of the hip persists in many original forms, and there are some evening frocks with hoop-skirts. With these frocks are shown the contrasting draped effects for the tall, slender woman. For example, an afternoon gown of dark-blue charmeuse, long, cleverly swathed around the body has trimmings of Chinese tassels of mauve and green. A long, draped evening gown which might have been inspired by the Greek is of dull black crêpe de chine.

The summery afternoon frocks are also of two types. For young girls there is the slightly pannier effect of white organdie, voile or swiss. For the tall woman there are delightful effects in chiffon striped with lace inserts and with square motifs of lace and embroidery. These gowns are usually high in the back and cut square or oval in front, as Lucile thinks that the pannier silhouette demands a neckline which mounts in the back and descends in a graceful line in front.

THE REVIVAL OF OLD-FASHIONED SILKS

Charming daytime frocks are being fashioned from foulard and taffeta. Old-fashioned pin-checks, dots and narrow stripes have been revived for them, and the long, tight sleeves, buttoned and frilled, are reminiscent of the art of Gainsborough. In fact, a tendency to use lingerie frills at the neck and sleeves is marked at nearly all the houses—a welcome revival. One great novelty is the suit of foulard, worn with a lingerie blouse, which, most often, is of organdie. These suits are extremely well liked, for they are both novel and practical. An example is a black foulard printed with a small pattern in white lines of dots. The short, loose coat is lined with white organdie, which is turned up around the bottom of the jacket to form an outside hem, and buttonholed in white. The sleeves on all daytime models, even one-piece frocks, are at least three-quarter length if not quite long. Quaint and practical are the daytime frocks of old-fashioned pin-check taffeta, also of a very

French organdie with elaborate hand stitching. Posed by Hope Hampton for Bonwit Teller & Co.

grandmotherly silk in brown and grey, with moderately full skirts, hips accentuated with pockets, collars of organdie or valenciennes.

Photograph by Apeda

THE LATEST BLOUSES

Each season, before the openings, women state with assurance that with the present mode of one-piece frocks or of a tailleur smartly completed by a gilet, there is no need of a blouse. Nevertheless, just as soon as the parade of mannequins begins at any of the houses, we succumb immediately to the blouse.

This season, blouses have come into new prominence. Materials may be of different varieties, but georgette crêpe is much used. Some of the blouses are long-waisted, draped about the hips; others have the appearance of Louis XV waistcoats. The waistcoat blouse is made in such a fashion that the front of it falls outside the skirt, altho the back is tucked away beneath the belt. Mother-of-pearl buttons are used to fasten it, and pockets are suggested by very fine embroidery, which also runs up the front and around the collar.

White organdie is admirable for the waistcoat type, on which embroidery may be done in white silk. Another favored material is linen lawn, in natural or rose-color. No fabric, however, is really daintier or more appropriate for the season than a finely made linen lawn in pale colors, pink, blue and white. Blouses of lawn are plaited, sometimes all over the fronts, the shoulders and the high collar, and cravats of black taffeta finish them. This season many blouses have high or standing collars, and often there are cravats as a finishing touch to these collars.

In striking contrast to these tailored blouses are those of georgette crêpe, already mentioned. They are in colors, either very bright or of a dark shade, such as maroon, brown or deep violet. They are Oriental in effect, with the long waist and finished with a band about four inches wide about the hips. On this band is rich embroidery of many colors. These blouses have wee sleeves, gay with rows of fluting spaced one-half an inch from each other and combined with embroidery.

NEW LINGERIE BLOUSES

The charm of frills, fichu and jabots and sheer materials of the finest qualities are featured in the new blouse. There are those of cobwebby batiste and linen, with their daintiness and charm increased by one of the numerous new types of col-
(Continued on
page 73)

Embroidered
cotton voile
frock trimmed
with ruchings of
white organdie
and pipings of
crossgrain ribbon. Mushroom
leghorn hat
trimmed with
pleated maline
in the smart
rust shades.
Franklin Simon





On the British Stage

Special studies made
for SHADOWLAND
by Hoppe of
London

Pepita Bobadilla, at
the upper left, is a
vivacious South Amer-
ican actress playing in
"Daddies" in London.
She was a favorite in
Brussels and Paris be-
fore her British debut



Just above is Leora
Hughes, who seems to
have won London as
Maurice's new dancing
partner. They call her a
second Mrs. Vernon
Castle

At the left is Malvina
Longfellow, an American
actress now devoting her
time to the British
cinema



The Mirror

An Original One-Act Play

By Katharine
Metcalf Roof

Produced at the Toy Theatre,
Boston, Mass., December, 1912

"A Mirror is the Soul of a Woman"
Old Chinese Proverb

Illustrated by
Oscar Frederick Howard

Characters: Saida Blair, Roland Haveneth, Evelyn March.

Time: The present.

Scene: Saida's apartment at the top of the house. A room with walls of neutral color containing a few rare Oriental objects. A Buddha in a niche in the back wall. On either side of it stand tall candlesticks, unlighted. At the right a curtained door leads into the hall. At the left a window with the curtains undrawn reveals a snowy twilight without. Another door, (curtained), leads into Saida's bedroom. Against the wall is a dark chest of drawers, on top of which stands an old Japanese mirror. At the center left, a table containing a lamp and a chair. In the right wall a mantel and open fireplace with lighted fire; there is a Chinese seat without a back beside the hearth, and a few good Japanese prints on the wall.

(Saida and Evelyn enter, wearing their outside wraps. Saida is dark and rather Oriental-looking, Evelyn fair and of a conventional type.)

EVELYN—So you aren't going to the Sanford's dance tonight.

SAIDA—What's the fun in dancing with stupid, half-alive modern men?

EVELYN (amused)—What would you have—dervishes, gitanas?

SAIDA (stretching out her hands)—Perhaps. I want to dance something wild and swift with cymbals.

EVELYN—Like those crazy dances you used to make up when you were a child, I suppose.

SAIDA—I do them still when I'm alone.

EVELYN (staring)—Alone! What an idea. What is the matter with you today, Saida? You don't seem like yourself.

SAIDA—Which self? How are you to know what is

your real self, when you feel so different, different times and with different people? Do you remember that fancy I had when I was a child that I didn't belong to my parents?

EVELYN (prosaically)—Lots of children get that idea—from reading fairy stories, I suppose.

SAIDA—Sometimes I have it still. Sometimes when father and I are sitting together at dinner it comes to me suddenly that we are just talking on the surface of things and that we are really—strangers.

EVELYN—What an idea! But you never were like other children. You always wanted to play such queer games, and you were such a tyrant! I was afraid not to do what you told me. Do you remember how you used to play you were a princess, and how you made me call you Saida?

SAIDA (in a far-away voice)—Saida—

EVELYN (staring)—You had such an odd look when you said that. I believe it was what Philip Sanford calls your Egyptian look.

SAIDA (dreamily)—Egypt . . . Egypt. I have never seen it, but sometimes I feel as if I had been there—as if I were remembering it. Do you ever feel like that? Of course you don't, dear, funny, practical old Evelyn!

(Evelyn moves toward the door and discovers the Japanese mirror.)

EVELYN—Isn't that something new?

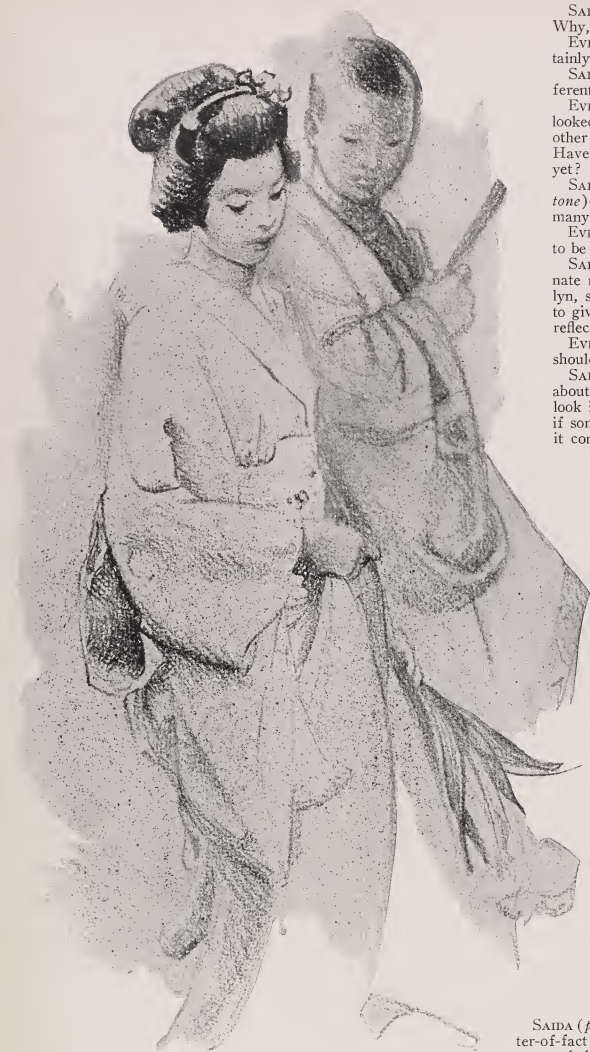
SAIDA (rising and crossing to Evelyn)—New and very, very old.

EVELYN—Japanese, isn't it?

SAIDA—Yes, I found it in an antique shop. The man had no idea how valuable it was. See, (she turns it to show the back), it has the plum blossom and the cherry and the pine on the back and that strange symbol that means an old Chinese proverb, "A mirror is the soul of a woman."

EVELYN—"A mirror is the soul of a woman." (Shakes her head.) I can't say that I make much sense out of that. Did the antique man tell you all this?

SAIDA—No; nobody told me. I think I must have read it somewhere.



"They are walking down the path together . . . someone is singing under the trees . . . I hear them but I cant see any more . . ."

EVELYN (*crossing to the door*)—Well, I am glad somebody invented glass. I dont care for the looks of myself in a Japanese mirror.

EVELYN (*in a tone tinged with potential disapproval*)—An adventure—

SAIDA (*ecstatically*)—Yes, yes—some wild, beautiful, terrible adventure. Something different from all this. Oh, nothing ever happens to me . . . And yet, you

SAIDA (*as if slightly startled*)—Why, did you notice that, too?

EVELYN—That is not flattering, certainly.

SAIDA—I mean that one looks different in it . . .

EVELYN—I noticed that my nose looked twice its ordinary size and my other features frayed about the edges. Haven't you got over that nonsense yet?

SAIDA (*returning to her careless tone*)—Which nonsense? You call so many things that.

EVELYN—About mirrors. You used to be afraid of them.

SAIDA—I am still. Yet they fascinate me. Especially old ones. Evelyn, suppose a mirror had the power to give back everything that had been reflected in it.

EVELYN—A lucky thing it cant, I should say!

SAIDA—There is something queer about this one. Sometimes when I look in it I cant see clearly. It is as if someone had blown upon it. Then it comes to me that if I looked long enough I would see something—but I am afraid to look.

EVELYN—Really, Saída, you need a tonic.

SAIDA (*laughing*)—Dear Evelyn! You know, you are what occultists call a very young soul.

EVELYN (*scoffingly*)—Indeed! A débutante—or still in its cradle?

SAIDA (*playfully*)—To be a young soul means that you made your début in this world when you were born this time. Now, I am an old soul. I have been here before, so I can patronize your youth.

EVELYN (*at the door*)—So you really aren't going to the Sanfords'. Poor Philip! How about him?

SAIDA—Oh, I like Philip well enough, but one gets to the end of him. He is like all the others. I want some one with perspective, vistas, a far horizon; something that escapes as I follow it. Something that seems unattainable.

EVELYN (*prosaically*)—Well, I am sure I hope you will find him.

SAIDA (*playfully shaking her*)—You matter-of-fact creature! Did you *never* in your whole life wish you might have an adventure?

know, I always have the feeling that there is one waiting for me around the corner . . . some glimpse of a strange new world. Perhaps tonight . . . who knows . . .

EVELYN—You crazy child, good-by!

(Evelyn leaves. Saida, left alone, unpins her hat and goes behind the curtain into her bedroom. While she is out of the room the Japanese servant silently ushers in Roland Haveneth, then withdraws. Haveneth looks about and goes up to examine the Buddha. Saida re-enters from the bedroom without seeing him immediately. She has changed her street gown for a loose Oriental gown of gorgeous color. Its effect is to transform her type into something completely Asiatic. She goes up to the chest and, opening a drawer, takes out some Egyptian beads and tries them about her head. Turning toward the mirror, she discovers Haveneth. She stands motionless a moment. As she recollects herself she quickly removes the beads from her head and drops them upon the chest.)

SAIDA—I think you have made a mistake.

HAVENETH—I beg pardon; your man brought me up.

SAIDA—He is a new man, and doesn't understand English very well.

HAVENETH—But we spoke Japanese. (*Answering her surprised look*) I have just come from the East. I asked for Judge Blair.

SAIDA—My father is not in yet. But he will be presently, if you care to wait. (*Moves toward the bell*) Mosaku will show you down.

HAVENETH—Can't I wait here, please? I am not a burglar or anything unconventional. I am just a harmless journalist, a foreign correspondent. My name is Haveneth.

(Saida turns, her hand upon the bell, and looks at him. Her arm drops at her side. She recollects her dress.)

SAIDA—It would be informal, certainly.

HAVENETH—It is not a conventional gown, you mean. Yet it looks more natural to me, coming from the Far East, than modern Western clothes. (*Pauses.*) So why should you mind being seen in it by a strange man, except that all our lives are spent in conforming to conventions that are reversed by geography?

SAIDA (*slowly, seating herself*)—You may wait here if you want to.

HAVENETH (*removes his coat and hat and lays them upon a chair. Glances about*)—You are evidently an Oriental traveler also. You have picked up some rare things.

SAIDA—No, I have only been to places every one goes where there are good hotels for the Anglo-Saxon. But some day I intend to see all the far, strange corners of the earth.

HAVENETH—You are fond of Oriental things, I see. Perhaps it was some vibration from them I felt in the room.

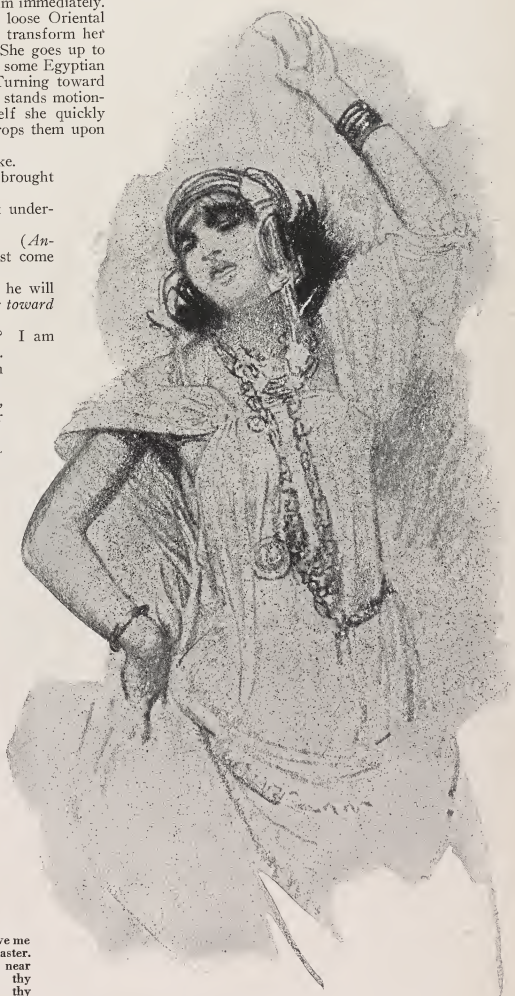
SAIDA—Vibration?

HAVENETH—I felt it the moment I came in, like something trying to speak to me. Living in the East makes one sensitive to such things. Coming in here out of that Northern snow-storm, I felt sud-

denly a thousand miles away, as if I were back there again.

SAIDA—Yes, I know. Sometimes when I am alone here I put out the lamp and light those tall candles. Then I can believe I am living in the Arabian nights. But when people are here—

HAVENETH—They keep it away? (*She nods.*) Don't let people come.



"Dost thou love me
then, my master.
Only keep me near
thee. I am thy
slave. I do thy
will"



"Who are you that enters the queen's presence unasked?"

SAIDA—I dont. No one can come here unless I ask them.

HAVENETH—But I came unasked. If you were superstitious, now—

SAIDA (*gives him a startled glance, but when she answers, speaks lightly*)—You wouldn't be so unchivalrous as to bring me bad luck, would you? Cast the evil eye upon me, or anything like that?

HAVENETH (*looking at her intently*)—If I am really your first uninvited guest—it seems significant.

SAIDA—I dont find significance in accidents.

HAVENETH—There is no such thing as accident (*Their eyes meet. In a lighter tone*) Do I dispel the Arabian night?

SAIDA (*evasively*)—One is more likely to be imaginative alone, dont you think?

HAVENETH—Imagination! Is that what you call it?

SAIDA—What else?

HAVENETH—You might call it—memory.

SAIDA (*slightly startled*)—Memory—

HAVENETH (*impulsively, rising*)—Let's put out the lamp and sit in the candle-light. May I?

SAIDA (*after a moment's hesitation*)—If you like.

(*Haveneth lights the tall candles and puts out the electric lamp.*)

HAVENETH—There! Now we are somewhere east of Suez and America is far away. (*He pauses before the Buddha.*) That is a fine one. (*To Saïda, who has risen*)

(*Continued on page 66*)

The Summer Drama Turns from Revolvers to Romance

By The Critic

THE dramatic season of 1919-20 came in like a lion—with lurid melodrama galore—but went out quite lamblike, via the sentimental romantic route. From revolvers, outja boards and murders, audiences turned with relief to the furbelows and laces of other days.

On the crest of this colorful wave arrived "Not So Long Ago," a comedy of New York in the early '70's, which introduced a playwriting newcomer, Arthur Richman. New York dramatic critics pronounced "Not So Long Ago" exceedingly appealing and saw a whimsical note in the way the characters discuss twenty-five cent eggs. But the charm is deeper than any such material viewpoint; a gentle grace it is, extremely sentimental perhaps, but always relieved by a saving sense of humor.

There is but a slender theme: the love of a little seamstress for the son of the Fifth Avenue household in which she is employed, but it is presented from that roseate dream viewpoint with which youth views life. Your dreams and mine may have gone to smash but "Not So Long Ago" will lift you back to the might-have-been.

New York had atmosphere and color in the '70's of "Not So Long Ago," for the boarding house "brown stone fronts" of today were then homelike residences, despite their mohair furniture and framed samplers; the streets depended upon lamplighters rather than Lewis J. Selznick electric signs for illumination; and horse-cars actually stopped at corners for passengers.

"Not So Long Ago," by the way, is delightfully played. The fragile web is never broken. The heroine, who calmly lies her way into romance, is a figure of charm and humor as played by Eva Le Gallienne, while Sidney Blackmer is a genuine discovery—almost another Richard Barthelmess—as the hero. And there is a vain, shallow

but pretty little rich girl who tries to win him, done in just the right tempo by Mary Kennedy.

"Martinique," Lawrence Eyre's new play, goes further—in time and locale—than "Not So Long Ago." Eyre makes the West Indies his background and 1842 his time, frankly admits his indebtedness to the exotic Lafcadio Hearn and at least brings a new figure to the stage—the *Belle Affranchie* or mulatto maid of a certain part of the tropics.

"Martinique" concerns itself with the tragic predicament of a convent-bred girl, the daughter of a marriageless ménage in Paris, who comes to the home of her father in Martinique only to find herself ostracized and forced to dwell in the quarter. A young chap comes to love her but, before the tangled consequences are unraveled, the romance ends in tragedy.

There is flashing color in Mr. Eyre's drama but not the breath of life. The characters never seem real people, for Mr. Eyre seems unable to give them reality. Indeed, he has told his melodramatic tale inexpertly. Every now and then, a character pauses to remark, "Listen, my dear, and I will explain." Forthwith follow involved revelations necessary to furthering the story.

Just once does "Martinique" approach something besides pastiche tragedy. It is in the brightly colored "voodoo" in the quarter where the *Belles Affranchies* gather with their lovers. The players of "Martinique," it seems to us, miss the human note. Josephine Victor is the pitiful little Zabette from Paris, Vincent Coleman is the youth with love awakened, and Emmett Corrigan is a very sanctimonious monastery abbot, who is a sort of official explainer of the plot. As a half-breed villain, Arthur Hohl is picturesque but very, obvious.

"Sophie," Phillip Moeller's peppery lilt of Paris in the days of courtiours, courtesans and intrigue, appropriately belongs in the romantic revival. Mr. Moeller has taken a historic character, Sophie Arnaud, the opera singer of décolleté morals, and constructed three acts of epigrams. Some of these are real *bons mots* of the real Sophie and some are the property of Mr. Moeller but all of them are deliberately risqué. Neither the real Sophie nor Mr. Moeller seems to us much more adroit or skilful than our bedroom farce constructors of Broadway. With all her rash statements, "Sophie," we must admit, rather bored us. Emily Stevens gave a characteristic Fiske-ian

(Continued on page 63)



JOE RUBEN and ELSIE FERGUSON
in "Sacred and Profane Love."



HENRY MILLER and BLANCHE BATES
in "The Famous Mrs. Fair."



MILDRED HARRIS CHAPLIN
Abbe's Exclusive Study of the Cinema Star



Photograph by Ed. Thayer Monroe.

LOUISE HUFF

The Newest Star of the Selznick Pictures

Shadowland's Guide to the Theater

Astor.—"East is West," with Fay Bainter. A 'Frisco Chinatown tale told with the sure-fire theatrical tricks that never fail.

Belasco.—"The Son-Daughter," with Lenore Ulric. A typical Belasco melodrama of New York Chinatown with the usual surfeit of trappings.

Bijou.—"The Ouija Board." A spiritualistic thriller in which spooks solve a murder mystery. Will keep you tense.

Booth.—"Not So Long Ago." A delightful and charming little romance of New York in the early '70s. You will like this.

Casino.—"Betty, Be Good." Conventional musical stuff with tuneful Riesenfeld music and the personable Josephine Whittell.

Central.—"As You Were." Fanciful, lively, and amusing—and the piquant Irene Bordini and the laughable Sam Bernard.

Century.—"Florodora." Interesting and winning revival. The 1920 sextette is attractive and Eleanor Painter scores.

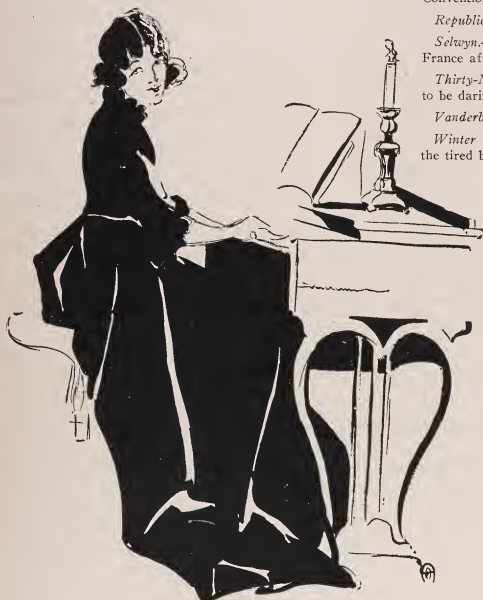
Cohan.—"The Hottentot."

Comedy.—"My Lady Friends," with Clifton Crawford. Typical farce entertainment, pleasantly done. June Walker wins.

Cort.—"Abraham Lincoln." A noteworthy dramatic offering and a poetic presentation of the great American. You must see it.

Eltinge.—"Martiniue." A colorful and atmospheric tragedy of the French West Indies that somehow falls short.

Forty-Eighth.—"The Storm." Old fashioned melodrama with a new fashioned star, Helen MacKellar. She is the season's find.



Forty-Fourth.—"Look Who's Here." The usual thing in girl shows with the unusual Cleo Mayfield.

Gaiety.—"Lightnin'," with Frank Bacon. Still breaking records.

Garrick.—"Jane Clegg." Drab but powerful Ervine drama, splendidly acted.

Henry Miller's.—"The Famous Mrs. Fair," with Henry Miller and Blanche Bates. Vigorous play dealing with woman in business or home.

Hudson.—"Clarence." Booth Tarkington's delightful comedy of every-day American life. The best comedy of the year.

Knickerbocker.—"Shavings." Regular thing in rural drama.

Liberty.—"The Night Boat."

Little.—"Beyond the Horizon," with Richard Bennett. Eugene O'Neill's grueling but smashing drama.

Longacre.—"Adam and Eva." Still doing nicely.

Lyceum.—"The Gold Diggers," with Ina Claire.

Lyric.—"What's In a Name." The most beautiful of the year's musical entertainments. Colorful plus.

New Amsterdam.—"Ed Wynn's Carnival. Mostly Wynn, which is enough.

Nora Bayes.—"Lassic." Tinkling musical show in a "Bunty Pulls the Strings" background. Tessa Kosta a hit.

Playhouse.—"The Wonderful Thing," with Jeanne Eagels. Conventional but entertaining.

Republic.—"The Sign on the Door." Melodrama with a kick.

Selwyn.—"Buddies." Amusing comedy of the A. E. F. in France after the coming of the armistice.

Thirty-Ninth.—"Scandal." The usual Cosmo Hamilton effort to be daring, plus the pleasant Francine Larrimore.

Vanderbilt.—"Irene."

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1919." First aid for the tired business man.

Among the Leading Photoplays

The Yellow Typhoon, with Anita Stewart. The star in a dual rôle. Melodrama in which the long arm of coincidence is pulled out of joint.

Mrs. Temple's Telegram, with Bryant Washburn. The old farce is well celluloided. Wanda Hawley lends attractive aid.

The Dancin' Fool, with Wallie Reid. Typical Reid screen fooling with Bebe Daniels as an optically interesting cabaret belle.

The Silver Horde. A Rex Beach tale of the Northwest full of interest and atmosphere. Myrtle Stedman a hit.

Why Change Your Wife? Cecil de Mille's latest and most luxurious sex study. Gloria Swanson, Thomas Meighan and Bebe Daniels score.

Romance, in which Doris Keane plays the rôle of the operatic singer so successfully played by her for five years on the speaking stage.

Reflections of a Gentle Cynic

(Continued from page 44)

thirsting for it. Perhaps—who knows?—it may be bitter-sweet . . .

"If I were in the least bit vain, I could be tempted to be proud of thus facing my doom and fathoming its depths without trembling or shrinking . . .

"What was this? Is someone coming? No? Terrible! This room gets on my nerves. Oh, I do wish they would come! What sense is there in making me wait like that? I am willing to do penance. I am willing to be punished. Why am I not taken away from here?"

"This room is simply ghastly in its utter dullness, and meanness, and dreariness. I remember that once, somewhere in the mountains, I had to sleep in a miserable hotel where the sheets were damp and grey and nasty. This room here is just like those sheets—damp and grey and nasty . . . I cannot stand it any longer. Somebody has to come. I am going to call, to scream, to bang at the doors, to hurl myself against the walls. What can they do more than punish me?"

She really screams, shrilly and wildly, not at all like a proud and silent soul, but like any living, hysterical woman, and, after a while, SATAN himself appears. He is correct, polite and tired.

"But, my dear lady," he says, in a very formal and distant manner, with marked and obviously pained disapproval, "my dear lady, I beg of you! What a noise! That is not permitted."

THE LADY—I am sorry, but this waiting gets my nerves all on edge. What is going to happen to me?

SATAN—Happen? Nothing.

THE LADY—Nothing? But the tortures? The red-hot ploughshares? The eternal ice? The unheard-of, fantastic, Dante-esque dooms?

SATAN—Fables, Nursery tales. They do not exist. Who would do such things?

THE LADY—But, then, what are the lost souls doing here? What shall I do?

SATAN—Nothing.

THE LADY (frightened)—Nothing?

SATAN (with a melancholy finality)—Nothing.

THE LADY—Nothing! All eternity long, nothing—why, that's impossible. All eternity long I shall sit in this idiotically dull room, look at the grey walls and do nothing? Never! I protest! That is against every rule, against every tradition. Nobody has told me that, nobody has warned me. I will not stand for it. I am going to scream, to howl, to beat at the walls, to batter at the door . . .

SATAN (very tired and extremely wearied)—I am used to that. All newcomers do it. Until they see that it is quite useless, that all their efforts are futile and in vain and utterly hopeless, and then . . .

THE LADY (trembling)—Then . . . ?

SATAN—Then—nothing.

THE LADY—Nothing—nothing! But that is fearful, that is cruel, that is hell.

SATAN (resigned, colorless)—Why, yes, of course, that is hell.

And thus he retires and leaves the poor and foolish little lady alone with the one thing she has never thought of, the one thing she has never faced nor fathomed, the one thing worse than doom and perdition, the thing a shallow soul like hers absolutely cannot endure, with—NOTHING.

The Story of the Theater Guild

(Continued from page 42)

direction is in the hands of the business manager, Martha Messinger, and there is an advisory committee numbering Kenneth Macgowan, Ralph Roeder, Irving Pitchell and Ralph Block.

The guild maintains no permanent stock company in the ordinary sense of the words, altho certain players closely affiliated with the organization are given first consideration in casting. This means that occasional guest players are invited by the guild. James K. Hackett, who played in "The Rise of Silas Lapham," was a guest. Mr. Hackett later purchased the drama for a road tour. Margaret Wycherly, now appearing in "Jane Clegg," is another guest player. Whether this policy will continue next season remains to be seen.

The guild, too, intends to make its theater, whenever possible, the home of new and ambitious producers. It invited Maurice Browne to present his new ideas in stagecraft at the Garrick for a series of matinees this spring. This resulted in Mr. Browne's presentation of the Medea of Euripides.

It is interesting to note the personnel of the board of directors behind an organization of such vast possibilities and so unique in the American theater. Phillip Moeller is a playwright, first revealed by the Washington Square Players and now a steady contributor to the professional theater. Lawrence Langner is likewise a playwright, as well as a lawyer. Maurice Worthheim is a banker. Lee Simonson is a creator of scenic settings, also first revealed by the Washington Square Players. Helen Westley and Helen Freeman are players. Miss Westley did notable work with the old Washington Square Players and is a strong factor in present productions.

The Theater Guild program steadily carries this announcement: "The play-reading department of the Theater Guild requests the cooperation of authors, publishers and agents in securing plays of

distinction, both serious and comic, for present and future production."

Will next year's five offerings reveal a vital contributor to the native drama—another Eugene O'Neill or another Philip Moeller? The real permanency of the guild will rest upon its second year achievements.

The Summer Drama Turns from Revolvers to Romance

(Continued from page 59)

performance as Sophie; nervous, flashing, but frequently inarticulate. The rest of the cast was not a happy one.

Arriving a little late on the late lamented avalanche of melodrama was Crane Wilbur's thriller, "The Ouija Board," in which a fake spiritualist, who endeavors to get control of a susceptible widower's fortune, is the central figure. In the midst of a "framed" séance the spirit of the aged man's departed wife takes possession of affairs. There are other thrills, too, such as when the "spiritualist" is murdered and his dead hand writes a psychic message and later when one of the characters is killed by a bullet from a revolver cunningly arranged within a victrola.

Mr. Wilbur's melodrama is obviously unreal stuff but it achieves its purpose; i.e., keeping an audience more or less tense. It is effectively played by George Gaul as a young investigator in the psychic, Howard Lang as the spiritualist faker and Edward Ellis as a slangy crook. Mr. Wilbur, himself, plays a rôle, but he is quite actory.

BIOGRAPHY

By Charlotte Becker

One knew what went to make him, when one saw

The house where he had spent his boyhood days;

The drawing-room, in faded blues and greys—

Victorian, without a modern flaw—
That shined old portraits, stern and firm of jaw.

Yet with kind, patient eyes; the oak-lined hall,

Where stealthy shadows stole along the wall

Between shelved tomes of history and law.

And, when one saw the garden, then one knew

Why subtle fragrance thru his essays crept,

Hints of clove-pinks and daphne-boughs, that swopt

The old stone balustrade, where ivy grew;

And, by the arbor's knife-scratched heart and dove,

One knew why he touched, gently, on young love.

Little Old Babylon

(Continued from page 43)

They have taken us over wide seas to distant lands where music strummed and strange and wicked things occurred behind dimly lighted windows. We have felt that it was necessary to be transported "somewheres east of Suez." But Dr. Straton assures us that New York is as bad as the best of them. Why, then, should we steep ourselves in moving pictures or novels when adventure may lie just around the corner. Perhaps it needs the eye of a Dr. Straton to find it. More than likely, the commonplace, humdrum citizen who followed the adventurous trail of Dr. Straton to some floridly heralded den of iniquity would find nothing more than a crowded dance hall with a number of weary workers trying to snatch a little ecstasy out of life by stumbling over each other's toes to the tune of "Dardanella." We fear that the fine and thrilling sights which the doctor saw were possible only for the magic eyes of a Don Quixote and most of us are Sancho Panzas. Still, we should rejoice to have left among us even one Quixote to charge upon the ginnills.

Dr. Straton himself feels that the gay life of New York is at best a temporary attraction. "Have you ever thought," he writes, "what a good, husky tidal wave would do to 'Little Old New York,' as we call her? Have you ever imagined the Woolworth skyscraper butting headlong into the Equitable Building, thru such an earthquake as that which laid San Francisco's proud beauty in the dust? Have you ever imagined the Metropolitan Tower crashing over on Madison Square Garden sometime, when there were tens of thousands of people in there at some worldly, Godless celebration of the Lord's day?" We must admit that we never have, nor does the prospect give us such pleasure as it seems to afford Dr. Straton. As a matter of fact, we are not afraid of the tidal wave because we live on the eighth floor. However, that would be all the worse in case of an earthquake. Either would be a little too exciting. Perhaps our trepidation is due in part to the fact that we are not quite in as safe a position as Dr. Straton. We are not certain that we would be among the elect, while we haven't a doubt that if the wave came, Dr. Straton would be found sitting safely on the crest, thumbing his nose at the sinners in the water.

Next to Dr. Straton, no author has found quite as much to get excited about as young Mr. F. Scott Fitzgerald, author of "This Side of Paradise," who came recently from Princeton and wants to tell the world that it little reckons or knows the evil and pernicious ways of the collegians. Compared to the students pictured in Fitzgerald's novel, Don Juan was the veriest freshman.

"On the Triangle trip," he writes, con-

cerning his hero, "Amory had come into constant contact with that great current American phenomenon, the 'petting party.' None of the Victorian mothers—and most of them were Victorian—had any idea how casually their daughters were accustomed to be kist . . . He never realized how widespread it was until he saw the cities between New York and Chicago as one vast juvenile intrigue . . . Amory found it rather fascinating to feel that any popular girl he met before eight he might possibly kiss before twelve."

Some reviewers have hailed this as a startling revelation. A number of Princeton men, particularly those who belonged to the Triangle Club, have hastened to write letters to the newspapers, declaring roundly that it is not so. For our part, we cannot get worked up over the question. Rather, we feel like young Mr. Bunker Bean, who was wont to remark, "I can imagine nothing of less consequence."

In our opinion, the finest novel of the month is "Miss Lulu Bett," by Zona Gale. There is nothing sensational in this. It is a quiet tale of small-town folk and yet there is more to warm the heart and stir the reader in a well-told story enlivened by keen observation and humorous insight than all the college and cowboy novels of a season. Miss Gale, who is known as the author of "Friendship Village," has proved before that she knows her people and how they talk, but there is something more in this book than in any of the others. The sentimental veneer is gone. She is not afraid to show the pettiness and the meanness and the tyranny which may live and flourish in the oft-lauded small-town community. And yet, with all this, Miss Gale has not drawn any morbid picture. There are brave things, too. The story is in itself no more than a retelling of the legend of Cinderella done in all the details of our own day. And it is a good story even if it always has been.

Of the vast number of adventure novels which are brought out in the spring to insure the public a sufficient supply of light summer reading, we have only dipped here and there. We have a certain prejudice against cowboy stories. The formula is never changed and the treatment varies only slightly from book to book. Few of the tales carry conviction. We have been informed that these cowboy stories are particularly popular in the West. The men ride miles from the ranches to procure them and they read them with avidity. They serve to take their minds away from the reality of the humdrum life which they lead.

And yet, tho it follows the usual model with a great deal of fidelity, we found Max Brand's "Trailin'" a readable yarn. There were times, of course, when we

hoped that something would happen to the hero. His success was entirely too unbroken. In the very first chapter he leaped from a box at Madison Square Garden to ride a fiery horse which had terrified all the cowboys in a Wild West show. From that point on he went from triumph to triumph. When bad men pointed guns at him, he laughed and then knocked them down with rapid swings to the stomach or the jaw. When he glanced at women, they loved him, and bullets could not even rumple his hair. He swam torrents and escaped from every trap. Naturally, he was fearless. A man like that could have no excuse for cowardice. But in spite of the fact that everything has been prearranged for the hero, the book moves at such a lively pace that it holds the attention.

Henry Oyen's "The Plunderer" we found less interesting. In this book, the author practically promised the reader that his villain would triumph over the hero. Let any man consider this paragraph, which occurs late in the book:

"They clinched; and the moment Roger felt those vast, soft hands tightening upon him the shock brought back to him a sort of reason. Garman was the stronger. His right hand caught Roger's clenched fist within an inch of his chin, and his gorilla grip held the fist helpless. His huge hand encased Roger's fist as one might hold a baseball; and slowly, surely, gloatingly he bent the arm."

Now we ask the jury which man will win the fight. But if the jury is trained in the reading of popular novels it will reply that it needs more information. "Which one," it will ask, "is the hero?" To this we must answer that Roger, the weaker, is the principal estimable young man in the book and that Garman, of the gorilla strength, is an unmitigated scoundrel. Whereupon, the jury, without bothering to leave the box, will announce firmly, "Roger will win in the end."

And indeed he does. Garman is foolish enough to speak slightly of Annette, and at once the hero's punches take on new power and Garman is knocked spinning. It may be all regular and proper and according to precedent, but we cannot see the justice of it. It seems to us that most of the battles between heroes and villains in our popular novels are perilously like fake fights. At any rate, we have yet to hear of a victory by a villain. It almost seems as if the authors were just a wee bit partial.

ENCHANTMENT

By Le Baron Cooke

The twinkle of footlights,
Soft plucking of strings,
The swish of a curtain:
The thrill it all brings!

Suds

(Continued from page 38)

shirt to-be-called-for, and read between the highly colored lines of fiction the true story of a lonely gallant little heart, wistful for beauty in the midst of life's ugliness. Amanda went back to the French Hand Laundry and Madame Galliflet's wrath, weaving into her romance the state figure of "me aunt, the Dutchess, who came in a coach drawn by five milk-white steeds with a message from me father, the Juke."

"The Joke, you mean," sneered the girl with the mouse colored pompadour, who had just blistered her hand, "You myke me tired, you an' your swells! I'll be glad when your fine toff, Horace, comes for 'is shirt an' shows you up for a liar, that I will!"

But Amanda's faith was proof against jibes. She contrived to pat Horace's stiff purple shirt bosom as she passed its shelf. There was Spring in the air, even in the steamy, sudsy air of the laundry, and Spring's magic. Amanda's small, pointed face was tinged with faint color, her eyes were starry as she bent over the heavy iron. To the uncritical gaze of Ben Willoughby she was beautiful, desirable.

"Wot sye to a show tonight?" he asked her, gruffly, to cover his shyness. "I'll stand treat. There's a piece on at the Queen's Own, called 'Er Father's Curse or the Lost 'Eiress.' It's a little bit of all right, wot ho?"

The lights of London blazed in the early spring dusk, putting out the stars. Ben and Amanda walked arm in arm, one of the jostling, happy evening crowd. Under the broken hat brim, the small, eager face was aflame with love of life.

The theater, tawdry with peeling gilt and greyish red velvet seats was undreamed of splendor, the curtain, daubed with corpulent cupids, the gateway to Wonderland. She sat taut on the edge of her seat, flat chest rising and falling in gaspy breaths. Even Ben, the everyday and unromantic, shared the spell of the moment and took on unwonted significance. "I'm so 'appy," breathed Amanda, "That I cant 'ardly hold all of it. I'm all *swoll* up with 'appiness!"

The curtain creaked up to the scrape of the orchestra showing a canvas garden with bright magenta roses twining about a cottage casement out of which leaned a lady in soiled pink satin and sang in undoubted cockney accents a melting ballad. Approached the villain in a moustache as black as his heart. The heroine repulsed his wooing, he seized her roughly in his arms. Amanda positively panted. Her meager little figure trembled, she clutched at Ben's arm.

"Hold! Scoundrel!" The Hero has entered, tall, with dark curls and flashing eyes. He flings back his red velvet cloak, raises his sword, takes a stride forward and strikes a heroic attitude that wins

instant commendation from the audience. As he turns to bow—an ecstatic scream from the gallery—

"Horace! Oh, Horace!"

Amanda had risen, despite Ben's jerking hand, her face radiant. A sob broke from her, when at length the hand prevailed and drew her down, and Ben saw that he was no longer present to her. "Oh, I've seen him," she murmured rapturously, as they walked homeward, "I've seen him, and aint he beautiful? As beautiful as a angel, that's him!"

The very next day, Horace Greensmith, Esquire, came for his forgotten shirt. A dozen irons stood motionless over a dozen doomed pieces of laundry as he demanded it in a loud, assertive tone. He'd left it 'ere afore he went untour—he 'oped the bloomin' plyce 'adnt lost it; and all the time he did not seem to see the quivering little figure behind the counter. But Amanda, desperate for her dream, leaned toward him and caught his amazed hand in both her own.

"Please!" she begged under her breath, "please, couldn't you just smile oncet at me, and act as if you know me? I'll explain when they stop starin'—" and aloud in a society tone, "Oh, Horace! To think o' seein' you again like this! And how'd you leave me father, the Juke?"

Horace Greensmith colored dully, a thick red car over his cheaply handsome face to the coarse black curls, carefully oiled on his forehead. "I sye!" he said angrily, "wot are you trying to make gyme of me for? I want me shirt, I do!" She trembled with agony. "I told 'em I knew you!" Amanda hurried, "I—I boasted about you—you were so 'and-some—"

He was flattered. He felt of his purple necktie, threw back his shoulders and smiled with thick red lips. "You're a queer 'un!" he told her good-naturedly, "tell you wot! I'll tyke you to Hammer-smith this afternoon. It's a bank holiday!"

And, leaning across the counter in full view of the gaping girls, he kist Amanda, with immense condescension and self-approval. The small pointed face grew quite white. Amanda's eyes, passing the perfumed Horace, fell upon Ben's stricken face in the doorway, and suddenly she pushed him away with desperate hands. "I—I—ere's your shirt, Mr. Greensmith! I couldn't go to Hammer-smith—" she tried to laugh pitifully, in the wreckage of her dream, "Me new hat hasn't come from Selfridges yet! No—truly—I—I couldn't go"

Careless of the stares of the other girls, she watched Horace's broad, black and white checked back disappear, crestfallen, thru the door. The misery in her eyes was not because of their subdued titter-

ing, but because she had lost her long-cherished dream of someone strong and brave and true who would come and lead her out of this dreary reality into a bright dream-world. She had seen his greedy glance, felt his jocular kiss, knew now that she had worshipped a tinsel god.

"It was all a lie!" Amanda murmured desolately, "this is the truth—the laundry—and the scolding and the blisters—. And I'm not anything, and nobody'll ever love me. Nobody never could—"

And then she saw Ben's face again. He was not handsome—Ben—with his freckles and snub nose and his queer carrot hair, but his eyes—Amanda gave a little cry, gripped her hands on her flat chest. Strong, and brave and true—they were the eyes of her dream, the eyes of him who would come to lead her out of the house of bondage—

A carriage and pair drew up outside the laundry with a flourish. A footman in dark green livery with silver buttons pushed open the door and looked grudgingly about him as Madame Galliflet hurried forward. "I 'ave a message," he declaimed, in rolling-chest tones, "from Lady Burke for Miss Amanda Afflick!"

"My Gawd!" breathed the Pompadour, as they watched Amanda tear open the crested envelope, "Pinch me, Liz, I'm seein' things!"

Amanda folded the note. She held her head very high, and spoke to the respectful footman loftily. "You may wait outside, Varlet!" said Amanda, "I'll get me hat and coat on at once!"

Dazedly, the French Hand Laundry and its proprietress, Madame Jeanne Galliflet, stood watching while Amanda pinned on the battered old hat, her languid motions giving it the look to their startled eyes, of a Paris creation.

"Where—where," began Madame, and swallowed, "where are you going?"

Amanda dragged her shapeless coat about her shoulders regally. "I'm going to Craigmoor Castle," she answered, "to visit me—me aunt, Lady Agatha Burke for the afternoon." She held out one hand, great-ladywise, "Come, Ben! The carriage waits. Let us begone!"

It was Amanda, Daughter of a Juke, who swept out with Ben. Quite plainly they saw her pink satin train.

A CORRECTION

Thru a typographical slip, the color plate of Evelyn Nesbit in the June SHADOWLAND was credited to Alfred Cheney Johnston and the color plate of Corinne Griffith to the Moffett Studios of Chicago. The original portrait of Miss Griffith should have been credited to Mr. Johnston and the picture of Miss Nesbit to the Moffett Studios.

The Mirror

(Continued from page 58)

and stands looking up at the Buddha): I believe you are saying your prayers to it!

SAIDA (recalling herself and speaking in a light tone)—You know, I did when I was a child. We were playing heathen. We have always had that Buddha. An ancestor in the East India trade brought it home.

HAVENETH (lifting an Egyptian ush-*abti* from the shelf)—Where did you get this?

SAIDA—In an antique shop in London. I saw it in the window and felt compelled to buy it.

HAVENETH (half jestingly)—Perhaps it's your ka, your double. It has a look of you.

SAIDA—You flatter me!

HAVENETH (turning it toward her)—But really it has. Cant you see it? No doubt it was buried with you when you were made into a little mummy long ago. (She replaces it upon the shelf.)

SAIDA—You have traveled a great deal.

HAVENETH—Yes, I am a sort of Wandering Jew.

SAIDA—Then you have no country.

HAVENETH—I hardly know what to call myself. I was born in the East. I had a Hindu nurse. My parents were English, but we have lived all our lives away from England. And you are Judge Blair's daughter—a real bred-in-the-bone American. Yet I feel the mystery of the East about you, something that suggests the inheritance of an infinitely old civilization; something that seems to awaken memories. I wonder if we have ever met. I feel as if I had known you somewhere . . . But that is impossible.

SAIDA—No, I am sure we have never met. But . . . it is odd . . . I had that same feeling when I looked up and saw you standing there.

HAVENETH (leaning forward)—You have a Japanese look, too. It is not exactly your features—not anything fixed. It is the firelight, perhaps. It makes one imagine things.

SAIDA—Imagination, not memory? So you are a foreign correspondent. For an English paper?

HAVENETH—English and American both. You see, I rather drifted into the work. I was out there when the war broke out—I happened to be the only person in command of the English language that knew certain things. I cabled the stuff to London. Then one of the papers engaged me. I know some Japanese and a little Chinese and two or three Indian dialects.

SAIDA (drawing a long breath)—What a wonderful life! (After a moment) Tell me—when you go to places for the

first time, do you ever have a feeling of having been there before?

HAVENETH—Yes, I had it once in the most remote corner of Asia. I think I was the first being from the western world who had ever invaded it. (Pause.) I am sure that I had been there before.

SAIDA (arrested)—In some other life, you mean? (He nods.) I dont know if you are serious, but sometimes I almost believe that.

HAVENETH—I do believe it.

SAIDA—Then why should we have only these queer little flashes of memory that escape like a dream before we can catch them?

HAVENETH—We are here to live our present life without prevision or memory, otherwise we would be nothing better than puppets of destiny.

SAIDA (trying not to speak seriously)—But in the end we own our own complete soul, conscious of its experiences—is that it?

HAVENETH—Yes. You know the Oriental idea of the soul is different from ours. It is not exactly the same individual soul that returns, as they believe, but elements of it. The strongest elements survive; you are the same person, yet not the same. The soul is like an actor who remains himself, altho living for the time in each of his many parts.

SAIDA—And while the play is on he believes the character to be himself, then wakes to find—no, I dont like that idea.

HAVENETH—Of course you dont. The Western mind clings so passionately to the sense of its immediate personality is the only one it knows!

SAIDA—Its immediate personality is the only one it knows!

HAVENETH—How much are you the same person now that you were at ten? Have you ever thought of that? A man in his seventies has already lived several lives in several different environments in this lifetime. He has been a number of people at different ages and stages, yet he recognizes all those past selves as belonging to himself, altho he no longer feels as they did. So, after all, you see, a man is the sum of his past selves even in a single lifetime.

SAIDA—That makes it seem more possible.

HAVENETH—And the ruling passions strong in death carry over from one lifetime to another—the loves and hates, the good deeds and bad, the unfulfilled desires. They are the bonds that hold us to other souls. They are woven into an invisible cord strong enough to draw us thru the centuries, thru our successive lifetimes until the debt is paid—but I am giving you a lecture.

SAIDA—No; go on, I want to hear it all. It would explain the mystery of

attraction and repulsion, this belief of yours.

HAVENETH—It explains everything—the opportunities, all the apparent injustices. No one can evade his debts, no one suffers in vain—it is the working out of a great law.

SAIDA (with a little shiver)—It sounds terribly relentless. I would rather escape a few penalties.

HAVENETH—But you cant.

SAIDA (after a moment's reflection, rejecting the idea)—No, I refuse to be such a fatalist. I must believe that I choose my own way.

HAVENETH—Ah, but you did choose. You chose in passionless space between the worlds. Our lives here are a pattern that we weave in the dark.

SAIDA—A pattern that we weave in the dark without choosing our design. I dont like that idea.

HAVENETH—That is because you have lived all your life in the West.

SAIDA—And we do not see the pattern until it is finished—

HAVENETH—No, but there are moments when one may catch a glimpse; because your soul—your larger soul of which you are only partly conscious—is like a mirror that holds the pictures of all your former lives.

SAIDA (glancing involuntarily at the Japanese mirror)—Like a mirror. No, no; it's nonsense. I wont believe that.

HAVENETH (turning a direct attention upon her)—Why did you take off those beads you had on your head when I came in?

SAIDA (laughing)—Naturally, I felt a little foolish at being caught masquerading like a child by a strange man.

HAVENETH—Masquerading—why do you use that word? You felt like yourself in them when you were alone, didn't you?

SAIDA (half startled)—Like myself? I dont know. I have a funny feeling about those beads. I had to buy them, too. They sort of hypnotized me. I felt as if they had been mine.

HAVENETH—Perhaps they had. (After a moment) Put them on again. (Picking up the beads and handing them to her) On your head, just as you had them before. (She puts the beads on her head.) Now you are back in Egypt. I can feel the desert, all the mysteries of the Sphinx are in your eyes. I have seen you like this before. You had condemned a slave to death.

SAIDA (as one in a dream)—He had disobeyed me . . . (Suddenly tears off the beads.)

HAVENETH—Why did you do that?

SAIDA—I felt as if something were
(Continued on page 68)

EVERY NIGHT'S A BIG NIGHT

A few of the latest
PARAMOUNT PICTURES
alphabetically listed

☞
JOHN BARRYMORE in
"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE"
Directed by John S. Robertson

☞
"THE COPPERHEAD"
With Lionel Barrymore
Directed by Charles Maigne

☞
CECIL B. DeMILLE'S
Production
"WHY CHANGE YOUR WIFE?"

☞
"EVERY WOMAN"
Directed by George H. Melford
With All-Star Cast

A few of the latest
PARAMOUNT PICTURES
alphabetically listed

☞
GEORGE FITZMAURICE'S
Production
"ON WITH THE DANCE!"

☞
WILLIAM S. HART in
"THE TOLL GATE"
A William S. Hart Production

☞
GEORGE H. MELFORD'S
Production
"THE SEA WOLF"

☞
WILLIAM D. TAYLOR'S
Production
"HUCKLEBERRY FINN"



DINNER'S over, and the cool
of the evening calls you out.
Whither-away? To the theatre
that is showing a Paramount
Picture, of course.

There's where everybody is.
There's where the flame of ro-
mance burns bright.

There's where the dusk is athrill
with pleasure and the whole world
sails in view.

Every night is a big night if you
only pick them right,

—PARAMOUNT!

Paramount Pictures



FAMOUS PLAYERS - LASKY CORPORATION
INCORPORATED IN NEW YORK
NEW YORK



The Mirror

(Continued from page 66)

slipping from me . . . That strange sensation I had the first time I looked in the mirror . . .

HAVENETH—The mirror?

SAIDA (indicating)—That old Japanese mirror over there.

HAVENETH (going up to examine the mirror)—I believe it came from Totomi.

SAIDA (dreamily)—Where the cherry orchard lies between the town and the great bronze bell of Mugenya, made of a thousand mirrors . . .

HAVENETH (turning)—You have been there? (Saida shakes her head.) You spoke as if you had.

SAIDA—Someone must have told me, or I have read it somewhere.

HAVENETH (looking in the mirror)—It is not very clear.

SAIDA (eagerly)—You see it, too—that mist that comes when you look—

HAVENETH—Look now.

SAIDA (drawing back)—No—no; I don't want to.

HAVENETH (lightly, yet watching her intently)—Why not? What do you expect to see?

SAIDA (half laughing)—Myself, I suppose.

HAVENETH (with meaning)—You might learn something more about yourself. (Saida gives him a startled look.) You know there are mirrors that can show you all the buried secrets of your soul. Come—look. (He takes her hand to draw her toward the mirror. She allows him to retain it an instant, then draws it sharply away.)

HAVENETH (in a low voice)—Why did you do that? You broke the connection. In another moment—

SAIDA (agitated)—Nonsense. It was nothing.

HAVENETH—You felt it, too—that current that passed between us. You broke the connection. It is like lifting the telephone receiver. The voice is there, but you can hear it until you—

SAIDA (in agitation)—I don't want to talk about these things.

HAVENETH—Look at me. Are you frightened? (Puts his hands lightly on each shoulder and forces her to meet his eyes. Drops his hands.) No, you are not frightened. You are only afraid—as a woman is on the edge of an adventure in a strange country.

SAIDA (dreamily repeating)—An adventure in a strange country . . .

HAVENETH—Give me your hand while I look in the mirror. (He takes her hand in his left one and stands looking into the mirror. Suddenly he exclaims and, dropping her hand, covers his eyes and moves back from the mirror.)

SAIDA (in suppressed excitement)—You saw something. Why did you hide your eyes?

HAVENETH (half dazedly)—I don't know. For some reason, one fears to look upon—

SAIDA—Upon what?

SAIDA (with his eyes upon her)—

SAIDA—The future?

HAVENETH (with his eyes upon her)—The future, yes—enclosed in the past.

SAIDA (nervously smiling)—What a Delphic utterance. Was it so terrible? (He shakes his head.) Aren't you going to tell me what you saw?

HAVENETH—After you have looked.

(Saida turns slowly to the mirror. He leans against the mantel, watching her.)

SAIDA—There is a mist across it. Ah, the—face—the face I saw before. (She stares intensely, with the expression of one watching something.) The air is pink with cherry blossoms . . . How sweet they are.

HAVENETH—Is no one there?

SAIDA—They are walking down the path together . . . Someone is singing under the trees . . . I hear them, but I can't see them any more . . .

HAVENETH (in a low tone)—What is the song?

(Saida slowly sinks down on her knees, Japanese fashion, and sings in a low voice to a Japanese melody.)

SAIDA—

Kawairashi-sa ya!
Hotaru no mushi wa
Shinobu nawate ni
Hi wo tomosu.

(At the end of the song, she remains staring ahead as if at something beautiful.)

HAVENETH (in a low voice)—What did you see?

SAIDA (speaking slowly and with pauses)—I saw first myself as in any mirror, then the mist. Then my face again, but changed . . . yet I knew it was my face.

HAVENETH—Yes . . .

SAIDA—Someone was with me . . .

HAVENETH—You walked under the cherry blossoms with a man whose face was like—

SAIDA (interrupting breathlessly)—He was no one I had ever seen before.

HAVENETH—We saw the same thing. (He drops upon the Chinese seat by the fire.) That Japanese song . . . It was familiar.

SAIDA—I have forgotten it.

HAVENETH—I will tell you the words: "As I steal along the rice fields to meet my lover, the firefly kindles a light to show me the way."

SAIDA (putting her hands over her eyes)—Yes . . . now I think I remember . . . No, it is gone.

HAVENETH—Look again.

(Still on her knees, Saida raises herself to look in the mirror.)

SAIDA (in a far-away voice)—I see a woman . . .

HAVENETH (staring into the fire)—The same woman . . .

SAIDA—And a man . . .

HAVENETH—The same man . . . yet different. It is the desert . . . It is still and wide . . . There are a great many stars . . .

(A faint strain of primitive dance music—strings, oboe and a percussion instrument—is heard as if it were a great way off. The sound gradually increases without ever becoming loud enough to lose the impression of dream music.)

HAVENETH—Music . . . There is music in the tent. (He slowly raises his eyes from the fire and looks into space.) I see a dancing girl . . . (Speaking in a low voice, as if addressing the girl): Dance . . . dance . . .

(Saida, at the sound of his voice, slowly turns a fixed gaze from the mirror to him. She covers her eyes upon his face.)

SAIDA (with a gesture of surrender. In a low voice)—I am thy slave . . .

(As she speaks, Haveneth's eyes slowly travel to her face. As his eyes meet hers his expression changes to one of savage mastery.)

HAVENETH—Aye, thou art my slave and do my will . . . Dance!

(At his command she slowly rises, slowly raises her arms and clasps them behind her head. Her body begins to sway in accord with the rhythm of the music. She passes by degrees into a slow Oriental dance; toward the end it becomes a pantomime of invitation. As she dances he rises as if overcome by her spell and pursues her. Dancing, she eludes him. As he at last overtakes and seizes her, she covers in his arms and speaks in a soft, pleading voice.)

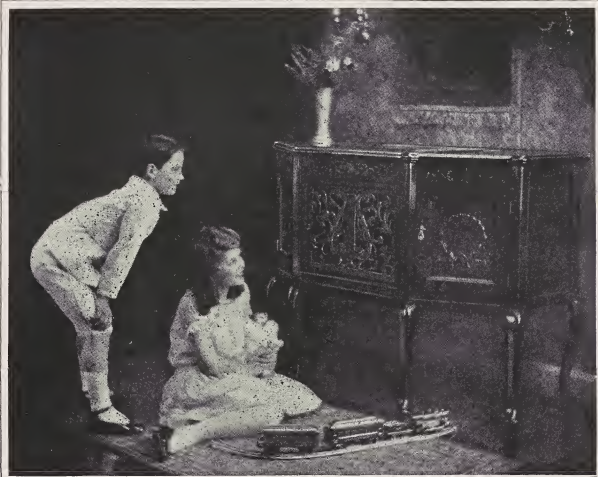
SAIDA—Dost thou love me, then, my master? Only keep me near thee. I am thy slave. I do thy will. (He draws her toward him, then repulses her harshly, with a laugh.) I love thee at my will.

SAIDA (crouching)—Pity me, for I love thee, my master . . . Only give me thy hand—

HAVENETH—Yea, thou shalt feel my hand. (Raises it to strike her, but instead comes in contact with the cold metal of the candlestick, which breaks his dream consciousness and gradually recalls him. He stares dazedly about the room. Saida, in evading his blow, has hidden her face. As his consciousness changes she also awakens.)

HAVENETH (dully)—What has happened?

SAIDA (dazedly)—Such a strange dream. (Staring at him.) You were (Continued on page 70)



White
House
Model

Playerphone
TALKING MACHINE

First in the
Land of
Music

The Charm of Music and Children Realized in the That's "Home"

Playerphone
NEW QUALITY TALKING MACHINE

Q And what is "home" without good music and happy children? Here is an instrument that brightens and betters every home it comes to. None so beautiful in finish and design, none so sweet and resonant in tone as the PLAYERPHONE. And how the children, as well as the keenest music critics, appreciate its peculiar tone quality.

Q The PLAYERPHONE is made particularly to play *every* make of disc record—and does so—perfectly and easily without change of equipment, because of our own exclusive design and make of PLAYERPHONE tone arm, reproducer and newly invented weight adjuster. Manufactured—not just assembled—in our own new, great factory by our master artisans, the PLAYERPHONE represents the highest quality of musical instrument it is possible to make.

Q Do not be satisfied with a mere talking machine. Insist on the PLAYERPHONE—the talking machine with the human tone. Nine styles and sizes, from \$110 to \$500. Every PLAYERPHONE is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.



Model "G"

Our dealer in your town or somewhere near you handles the **PLAYERPHONE**. If you cannot at once locate him, ask, and we will send you his name and address with our new, beautiful catalogue No. 7.

Dealers can procure the **PLAYERPHONE** agency through the following well known jobbers, who carry a full line of **PLAYERPHONES** for immediate delivery, and back the **PLAYERPHONE** with their own reputation.


Van Vleet Mansfield Drug Co., Memphis, Tenn.
Houston Drug Co., Houston, Texas.
Chapman Drug Company, Knoxville, Tenn.
Clevens & Wilson, Buffalo, N. Y.
The Day Drug Co., Akron, Ohio.
The Day-McIntire Drug Company, Des Moines, Ia.
L. S. Dallas Son & Company, Paducah, Ky.
W. J. Gilmore Drug Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Healy Brothers, 12th & Hoyt Sts., Portland, Ore.
Hornick, Rice & Porterfield, Sioux City, Iowa.
Kaufman-Lattimer Co., Columbus, Ohio.
Ried-Lawson, Inc., Birmingham, Ala.
Class, Leitch & Co., Evansville, Ind.
The Warner Drug Company, Columbia, S. C.
Oklahoma Book Company, Oklahoma City, Okla.
Goodland & Williams Company, Omaha, Neb.
Twin City Talking Machine Co., Urichville, O.
F. H. Unfried & Son, Oakland, California.
Western Jobbing & Trading Co., 724 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.
H. W. Williams & Co., Fort Worth, Texas.
Don's Home Store, Hastings, New Zealand.

PLAYERPHONE TALKING MACHINE CO.

4223-41 W. LAKE ST., CHICAGO

D. W. MCKENZIE
President

W. D. CALDWELL
Treasurer



1920
JULY
 Sun Mon Tue Wed Thu Fri Sat
1 2 3
4 5 6 7 8 9 1

INSURE HAPPY DAYS
 for those you love

A Prudential
Monthly Income
Policy

is like a radiant burst of sun
 shine thru dark clouds.

A Prudential Check can be put
 into the hands of your loved
 ones on the first of every month.
 Hundreds of American homes
 know this day as


PRUDENTIAL DAY
THE NATIONAL PAY-DAY

Insure in

The
Prudential
 INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA
 Incorporated under the Laws of the State of New Jersey

FOREST F. DYSEN
 President

HOMER OFFICE
 NEWARK, NEW JERSEY



The Mirror

(Continued from page 68)

cruel; I was afraid of you. *(She rises, drawing away from him as she speaks):* I was in your power . . . *(With rising excitement, recoiling still further from him.)* You drew my heart out of my body after you . . . You hurt me . . . hurt me—my body and my soul . . . yet you were my life. *(Closes her eyes, recovers herself and speaks in a quieter voice.)* What a strange dream! Dont let it come back . . . *(Haveneth moves toward her like one in a trance. As he does so she moves back until she is against the wall. Instinctly she puts her hands behind her. With a remnant of fear):* Dont touch me. *(Her hands accidentally touch the Egyptian beads. She draws them out like one in a dream and stares down at them.)*

HAVENETH *(in an ebbing tone of authority as he watches her.)* You shall do my will. *(He tries to raise his hand with a gesture of authority, but as he gazes at her his arm drops to his side. She sets the beads upon her head, and as she does so instinctively turns to the mirror.)*

SAIDA *(after a moment, her eyes upon the mirror)—*What a wide river . . . What a strange boat . . . Who is that woman who looks into my eyes . . . A slave is fanning her with a green and golden fan; her eyes look into mine . . . *(She stretches out her hands and touches the mirror. Her expression changes to a vague recognition.)* Ah, the mirror . . . I see . . . myself! *(Her eyes travel to Haveneth, who stands as if turned to stone, staring at her with lowered head. Her pose changes to one suggesting the fierce authority of a primitive queen.)*

HAVENETH *(in a low voice)—*Saida . . . Saida . . .

SAIDA—Who are you that enters the queen's presence unasked!

HAVENETH *(in a low voice)—*One who asks only to be the dust beneath your feet. One whose blood is yours to shed—

SAIDA *(with a smile)—*Then shall it be shed without delay . . .

HAVENETH *(in a tone of passion)—*How beautiful you are . . . But you are terrible. Oh, my love is choking me . . . I cannot bear it any more . . . *(In a tone of anguish):* Let me go . . .

SAIDA *(with a cruel smile)—*You shall go.

HAVENETH—Nay, I cannot. Where can I escape your spell? The world is full of you. In the dark your eyes pierce my soul and thru the night I am tortured with the vision of your mouth.

SAIDA *(scornfully)—*I am tired of this sick raving. *(With mock sweetness.)* Would you escape your pain? Then you may shed your blood as you have wished, drop by drop, until you die . . . *(She turns and raises her hand as tho she commanded a slave to bear him off. He kneels and grasps her gown.)*

HAVENETH—Only let me die at these

feet, die by your hand, die with mine eyes upon your face.

SAIDA *(in a tone of outraged sovereignty)—*Touch not the queen's garments with your hand. Now to slow death I shall add slow torture . . .

HAVENETH *(springing to his feet)—*Then if I must die, for one moment I shall live! *(He seizes her in his arms and kisses her. She escapes and draws back with upraised arm to fling him off. As they stand so facing each other, her arms drop to her side and she remains staring at him, as the dream consciousness, broken by his kiss, slowly ebbs.)*

HAVENETH *(in a low, rapt voice, staring at her in a moment of vision)—*Yes, it is you. Again . . . you . . . the soul within my soul. Mine from the beginning, down the centuries. Mine in Totomi in cherrytime, mine in the desert, my dancing girl. Mine in Egypt, a princess. Thru the centuries. I am yours and you are mine. Come—we will read the future . . . *(He takes her hand and draws her again toward the mirror. She obeys like one in a dream. But when she finds herself before the mirror she closes her eyes and strikes it to the floor.)*

SAIDA—No, not that. I will not look. *(She drops softly to the floor, temporarily losing consciousness. Haveneth goes up to her. As he does so she comes to, and, raising herself upon her elbow, addresses him in a tone of surprise.)* Who are you?

HAVENETH—Have you forgotten?

SAIDA—I think I have seen you somewhere. I remember now. You came here by mistake and we were talking.

HAVENETH—It was not a mistake. It was all part of the design.

SAIDA *(wondering)—*The design? You came here to see my father—I remember now. You have traveled a great deal. We were talking of the East.

HAVENETH—The cherrytime at Totomi—

SAIDA—There was some music . . . But I have lost it.

HAVENETH—And the path under the cherry blossoms to the temple, the temple with the great bronze bell?

SAIDA—It was something you told me . . .

HAVENETH—And the desert, the music and the dancing girl!

SAIDA—They are like fragments of a dream.

HAVENETH—And the barge on the Nile, and the slave fanning you with a green and gold fan?

SAIDA—The slave fanning me . . . What are you talking about? What has happened to me? Did I faint? *(She sits up, composing her dress and hair, rises, goes to the seat under the Buddha.)*

HAVENETH—And who am I? Do you remember? Am I a stranger who will go away, whom you will never see again?

(Continued on page 80)

Lady Mary



HE fountain of fashionable fragrance—the delight of the discriminating.

Lady Mary — Toilet Water, Perfume, Face Powder, Talcum, Sachet, Rouge—all possess this truly exclusive and lasting fragrance.

It gives distinction and individuality to debutante or grande dame.

Talc	\$.35, \$.60
Toilet Water..	1.50, 3.00
Face Powder50
Perfume, \$.75, \$1.75, \$4.00	
Cold Cream.....	.75
Rouge.....	.50

Send 15c to Vivaudou, Times Building, N.Y., for a generous sample of Lady Mary Perfume

ANNETTE KELLERMANN

Bathing Apparel of Distinction



ON THE sands, a silhouette of irresistible youthfulness—in the waves, a flash of living color! One glance, and—presto! you recognize it—an Annette Kellermann Bathing Suit.

Like Silhouette—illustrated here—all Annette Kellermann Bathing Attire is distinguished by an incomparable, daring beauty of fit that always remains refined. Novel, exclusive styles in "Two-in-One" Knitted Suits with 1 fabric attached—and in "Slip-On" models, worn over fabric. Sizes for Ladies, Misses, Juniors, and 1 and 2 up and upward. Over thirty glorious colors. Swimming Tights, too!

To get the genuine, make sure that YOUR suit bears the Annette Kellermann label—with her name woven in Red.

Obtainable in all modern shops. Or you may write to us for the name of the dealer nearest to you.

ASBURY MILLS
New York Office: 200 Fifth Ave.
(Sole Makers)

Silhouette

Maybelline

Darkens Eyebrows and Lashes



It makes them appear much longer, thicker and more luxuriant than they really are—easily applied and perfectly harmless.

Lash-Brow-Ine

a pure harmless cream, applied nightly aids Nature in a marvelous way in nourishing and promoting the growth of the eyebrows and lashes.

Dark luxuriant eyebrows and well-defined eyelashes, how wonderfully they bring out the expression of eyes, making them keen and lovely to any gaze. Promote this by the use of Maybelline's Lash-Brow-Ine. It is made up of purest ingredients, and is recommended by scores of the stage and screen and beautiful women everywhere. Write for your free sample.

"ASK ABOUT IT" AT YOUR DEALER or direct from Maybelline Corporation, 1230 Broadway, New York City.

AT YOUR DEALER or direct from Maybelline Corporation, 1230 Broadway, New York City. Write for your free sample. It is made up of purest ingredients, and is recommended by scores of the stage and screen and beautiful women everywhere. Write for your free sample.

MAYBELLE LABORATORIES
4303-95 Grand Boulevard CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

We Guarantee Absolute Satisfaction or your—Money Back.



And this includes, every thing sold. Here is the La Reine Swimsuit. Length 22 inches, and width is only 10 inches. This can be used as three complete suits—separately or in combination. Price \$14.00. Special \$12.00. Groves are extra—third sample suit.

Our complete catalogue of bath goods is what you will want to have in your home. Send for it. We guarantee every article. Write today for leaflet. Shoddy is hidden and others are not! Wear Swimsuits, Pompadours, Transparencies etc.

LA REINE FASHION CO.
Dept. 307 23 East 9th St. N. Y. C.

Shake Into Your Shoes Sprinkle in the Foot-Bath

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic, Healing Powder for the Feet,



for Tired, Swollen, Smarting, Tender Feet, Corns, Bunions, Blisters, Callouses. It freshens the feet and makes walking easy. 1,500,000 pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by our army and navy during the war. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease. Sold everywhere.



The New Art of Camera Painting

(Continued from page 15)

At the first glance the pictures that cover one wall of the studio suggest the old masters. Surely that portrait yonder, with the heavy blacks and strong high lights, is a Rembrandt; that delicate figure beside it with the frail, curving hands, the ascetic face and the strange glow of unseen light is a del Sarto; that robust head beyond, a charcoal sketch of the old Dutch school. Yet they are all photographs. Moreover, they owe none of their pictorial effect to artful retouching. They are the pictures of modern, every-day folk, many of them the artist's neighbors of the Village, taken with the same type of camera which in the ordinary photographer's hands turns out the set, self-conscious pictures we present to our relatives and friends.

But Nickolas Muray is more than an expert mechanic of the camera. He is an artist. He sees people in the terms of pictorial compositions. He knows the inestimable value of shadows and uses them to produce miracles of flesh modelling. He possesses, moreover, a peculiarly keen power to analyze personalities and to transfer to paper, not only the features, but the very self of his sitters.

He has brought to his work many years of preparation and a training which many an artist in oils and pigments might envy. In his native Budapest, he studied for four years in the Industrial Art School. He sketched the nude models in the life classes, learning an artist's reverence and enthusiasm for the human line. He practiced modelling in clay. Afterwards came Paris, then three years in Berlin, where he studied photography with all the detail and thoroughness that German science implied.

But still he was not satisfied. He did not want to take pictures as well as any one had ever taken them—he wanted to take them better. He had a vision of photographs that should show, not a single individual, but humanity itself in all its human worth and dignity; that should be pictures as much as an interpretative portrait painted by the brush of a Whistler or a Sargent.

To work intelligently, the workman must know his material, and so Muray attended physiognomy classes and studied the relation of the physical appearance of the face to the character, the meaning of the lines, the tensities and laxities of facial muscles which make up the expression. He went further. That he might know the workings of the muscles, he attended clinics at a Berlin hospital, watched operations, visited morgues and became an anatomist, learning with the scalpel and dissecting knife valuable lessons which he was to put to use afterward in his photographic experiments. Heroic preparation, surely, for a work which, it is safe to say, most people think requires only a camera, a superficial knowledge of focus and chemistry—and a studio!

(Continued on page 74)

My Lady Fashion

(Continued from page 53)

lars fashioned from Valenciennes—or perhaps Irish crochet. Others evidence the distinguishing touch of exquisite hand embroidery. The quaintly frilled models are in high favor. Very demure are those made with fluted ruffles edged with fine lace, which are worn in berth-like effect, the two ends meeting above the waistline. The elbow sleeves are usually finished with ruffles of the same type. There are also many good-looking waists of organdie, trimmed with ruffles, which are finely knife-pleated but unadorned with a lace edge. Frills of white net are much in evidence on blouses of sheer cotton and silk.

The new feature in tuck-in blouses lies in the collar, the accepted fashion in these being the very large Tuxedo shape, narrow where it fits the neck, but springing out sharply from the shoulders to a width of five or six inches and continuing wide to the waistline, so that it practically forms a vest for the coat with open front.

Blouses to wear with separate skirts are still made to slip over the head and have short kimono sleeves. Pleated ruffles around the bottom are added this year.

FABRICS FOR SUMMER WEAR

The fabrics for summer wear are as varied as they are lovely. For morning and hot weather utility wear there is a splendid line of gingham. The famous Scotch gingham are the leaders in this special fabric and among those of domestic manufacture one may secure at a moderate price, (for these days), a wide range of effective plaids, dainty checks and stripes in a very likable range of color combinations. In the thinner cottons there are any number of daintily sprigged and striped dimities, plain and embroidered batistes and handkerchief linens, some as fine as a cobweb.

Amateur Photography Contest

SHADOWLAND announces a monthly prize contest open to all amateur photographers. Each month a first prize of \$10, a second prize of \$5 and a third prize of \$3 will be awarded. The winning pictures will be reproduced in SHADOWLAND.

A jury of photographic experts will pass upon all pictures submitted. All pictures entered in this contest should be addressed to Amateur Photography Contest, SHADOWLAND, 177 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. If you desire the return of your pictures, attach the necessary amount of postage with a clip.

Mary Pickford and Mr. Reid Head Contest

The popularity contest with the two-fold interest rushes on. If you have not already sent in votes for your favorite player, you have two more months in which to do so. Join the ranks of the photoplay students who are showing themselves cognizant of who is who in movieland.

Here are the last-minute results at the time of going to press:

Mary Pickford, 35,350; Norma Talmadge, 18,952; Pearl White, 14,250; Mme. Nazimova, 8,950; Constance Talmadge, 6,100; Bebe Daniels, 4,189; Viola Dana, 3,350; Lillian Gish, 2,250; Elsie Ferguson, 2,050; Mary Miles Minter, 1,822; Shirley Mason, 1,524; Theda Bara, 1,524; Ethel Clayton, 1,362; Dorothy Gish, 1,352; Anita Stewart, 1,352; Ruth Roland, 1,250; Olive Thomas, 1,250; Gloria Swanson, 1,100; Marguerite Clark, 1,009; Baby Marie Osborne, 1,006; Dorothy Dalton, 1,006; May Allison, 950; Marion Davies, 856; Irene Castle, 800; Geraldine Farrar, 752; Clara K. Young, 752; Pauline Frederick, 704; Alice Lake, 650; May Murray, 552; Margarita Fisher, 552; Mme. Petrova, 552; Marie Prevost, 552; Edith Johnson, 502; Alice Joyce, 504; Alice Brady, 450; June Caprice, 450; Vivian Martin, 450; Katherine MacDonald, 400; Priscilla Dean, 402; Marie Walcamp, 402; Dolores Costello, 350; Juanita Hansen, 350; Ann Little, 350; Madge Kennedy, 300; Wanda Hawley, 300; Betty Compson, 300; Billie Burke, 254; Doris Kenyon, 254; Jane Novak, 254; Doris May, 152; Jean Paige, 202; Lila Lee, 152; Gladys Leslie, 152; Mae Marsh, 152; Dorothy Phillips, 152; Fanny Ward, 152.

Wallace Reid, 12,050; William S. Hart, 11,452; Richard Barthelmess, 9,802; Douglas Fairbanks, 8,102; Eugene O'Brien, 4,250; William Farnum, 2,600; Charles Ray, 2,452; J. Warren Kerrigan, 2,100; Tom Mix, 1,950; Douglas MacLean, 1,652; Charles Chaplin, 1,450; Tom Moore, 1,150; Rodney La Rocque, 1,100; John Barrymore, 952; Antonio Moreno, 952; William Russell, 904; Jack Pickford, 850; Ralph Graves, 850; Thomas Meighan, 801; William Duncan, 748; Earle Williams, 748; Kenneth Harlan, 705; Bert Lytell, 705; Harry Northrup, 705; George Walsh, 705; Bobby Harron, 649; Lloyd Hughes, 649; Harrison Ford, 598; Marshall Neilan, 551; Eddie Lyons, 500; Louis Stone, 500; Louis Bannison, 453; Eddie Polo, 453; Henry G. Sell, 453; Elliott Dexter, 402; Tom Forman, 350; Bryant Washburn, 350; Lon Chaney, 309; Robert Gordon, 309; Cullen Landis, 309; Francis MacDonald, 309; King Vidor, 309; Webster Campbell, 248; Harold Lloyd, 248; Emery Johnson, 248; Milton Sills, 248; Owen Moore, 248; Monte Blue, 202; Lew Cody, 202; Wesley Barry, 202; Will Rogers, 202; Monroe Salisbury, 202; Robert Warwick, 202; Raymond Hatton, 151; Theodore Roberts, 151; Charles Meredith, 151; Lee Moran, 151.

The August Classic

When you find yourself before a news-stand, gazing up at the highly colored covers of the innumerable magazines, what impressions do you receive?

What mental requirements form your purchase?

In other words, what is it that you demand in a magazine?

Is it literature which must be unusual?

Is it artistic achievement in illustration?

Is it a pithy portrayal of current topics?

In short, is it a magazine different?

In answer to this, we invite your attention to the August issue of **The Motion Picture Classic**.

The newest star to be added to the Selznick constellation, Louise Huff, has been interviewed with the most piquant result, by Frederick James Smith.

Much has been said of the fickleness of the public—Bryant Washburn, that idol of the pioneer days of the cinema, is still idol-ing, and, according to our interviewer, Maude S. Cheatham, he possesses all the fascination, and more, of his early days.

Chet Withey, the man behind "Romance," has been caught in an off moment and reveals to us the delightfully human side of a director.

The dark secret in the life of Mary Miles Minter, (she wrote with glorious abandon at the age of eight), has been told by B. F. Wilson. There are reproductions of these literary outbursts which will interest you.

And, altho we call your attention to the fact each month, yet there are certain truths which cannot become too evident, such as the novelizations, the portraits, the studio studies of the best beloved stars and the intimate chatter by "one who knows."

The
Motion Picture Classic
175 Duffield St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

Wanted This Year

A grave dearth of story plots now confronts the motion picture industry. Producers will pay you well for any suitable story-ideas. Literary ability not a prime factor. Learn how you can write for the screen.

5000 New Story-Ideas for Motion Pictures

The above figure does not include material needed for religious, commercial and educational films.

SOMEWHERE in America this year, scores of new motion picture writers will be developed.

(For the motion picture industry must have a continuous supply of good, new story-ideas if it is to survive.)

Most of these new photoplaywrights will be men and women who never wrote a line for publication. They will be people with merely good ideas for stories, who are willing, during spare hours, to learn how picture directors want their plots laid out. Producers will pay them \$100 to \$500 each for clever comedies, and \$250 to \$2,000 each for five-reel dramatic

scripts. They will pay these prices because they must have stories. 95% of book material is unsuited to their need, and as yet not enough people are writing for the screen to supply the demand.

The above is a statement of fact concerning the motion picture industry. If you have a story-idea as good as some you have seen produced, this opportunity is wide open to you.

There is plenty of proof that producers really do pay the prices stated above. For they are paying these prices constantly to people we have taught to write for the screen—people who never saw a motion picture studio.

In Two Short Years

It was a little over two years ago when the famine in story plots first became acute. Public taste changed. Play-goers began to demand real stories. Plenty of manuscripts were being submitted, but most were unsuitable. For writers did not know how to adapt their stories for the screen. Few could come to Los Angeles to learn. A plan for home study had to be devised.

Frederick Palmer (formerly staff writer of Keystone, Fox, Triangle and Universal), finally assembled a corps of experts who built a plan of study which new writers could master through correspondence.

The Palmer Course and service has now been indorsed in writing by practically every big star and producer. Back of the Palmer Plan, directing this work in developing new writers, is an advisory council composed of the biggest figures in the industry. It includes Cecil B. DeMille, Director-General of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation; Thomas H. Ince, head of the Thomas H. Ince Studios; Lois Weber, America's greatest woman producer and director; Rob Wagner, well known motion picture writer for the Saturday Evening Post.

In two short years we have developed dozens of new writers. We are proud of the records they have made, and we prefer to let them speak for us.

A Co-operative Plan—Not a Tedious Course

Our business is to take people who have ideas for stories and teach them to construct them in a way that meets a motion picture producer's requirements. We furnish you the Palmer Handbook with cross references to three stories already successfully produced. The scenarios come to you exactly as used by the directors. Also a glossary of studio terms and phrases, such as "Iris," "Lap Dissolve," etc. In short, we bring the studio to you. Our Advisory Service Bureau gives you personal, constructive criticisms of your manuscripts—free and unlimited for one year. Criticisms come only from men experienced in studio staff writing.

Special Contributors

Twelve leading factors in the motion picture industry have contributed special printed lectures covering every phase of photoplay plot construction. Among others, these special contributors include: Frank Lloyd and Clara

Advisory Council



Cecil B. DeMille
Director-General, Famous
Players-Lasky Corp.



Thomas H. Ince
of the Studio that
bears his name



Lois Weber
America's greatest woman
producer and director



Rob Wagner
motion picture writer
Saturday Evening Post

ence Badger, Goldwyn directors; Jeanie MacPherson, noted Lasky scenario writer; Col. Jasper Ewing Brady, of Metro's scenario staff; Denison Clift, Fox scenario editor; George Beban, celebrated actor and producer; Al E. Christie, president Christie Film Co.; Hugh McCullough, expert cinematographer, etc., etc.

Our Marketing Bureau is headed by Mrs. Kate Corbaley, formerly photoplaywright for Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew. In constant touch with the studios, she knows their needs, so that when our members so desire, we submit their stories in person for them. Thus we not only train you to write; we help you to sell your story-ideas.

\$3,000 for One Story Plot

Our members come from all walks of life; mothers with children to support, school teachers, clerks, newspaper men, ministers, business men, successful fiction writers. In short, we have proven that anyone with an average imagination and story-ideas can write successful photoplays once he is trained.

One student, G. Lerol Clarke, formerly a minister, sold his first photoplay story for \$3,000. The recent success of Douglas Fairbanks, "His Majesty the American," and the play, "Live Sparks," in which J. Warren Kerrigan lately starred, were both written by Palmer students. Many students now hold staff positions, four in one studio alone.

We have prepared a book, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing," which will inform you of the Palmer Course and service in greater detail. If you desire to consider the unusual opportunity in this new field of art *seriously*—this book will be mailed to you free.

At Least Investigate

For there is one peculiar thing to consider in the Palmer Plan. One single successful effort immediately repays you for your work. Not all our members begin to sell photoplays at once—naturally. But most of them do begin to show returns within a few months. And the big majority are not literary folks. They are people who have simply made up their minds to make money out of story-ideas they have in the back of their heads—and incidentally, perhaps, to gain some reputation.

The way is open. Producers are making every effort to encourage new writers. The demand is growing greater every day, and the opportunity is rich in its rewards because it is young. If seriously interested, mail the coupon.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation

Department of Education
715 I. W. Hellman Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation, Department of Education,
715 I. W. Hellman Building, Los Angeles, California.
Please send me, without obligation, your new book, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing." Also "Proof Positive" containing Success Stories of many Palmer students, etc.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....
State.....

The "J. H." Tonneau OR Rear Seat SHIELD

Registered in U. S. Patent Office
Patented February 27, 1912
September 4, 1917
Other Patents Pending

"Our patent upheld by the U. S. Court of Appeals."



This shield has become a necessity to the comfort of passengers riding on the rear seat of a Touring Car, giving them protection from cold, wind and dust. It is adjustable and collapsible—can be brought close to the passengers if desired and when not in use can be folded down behind the driver's seat, taking up only the space of a robe. Waterproof apron makes the protection complete. It embodies every practical advantage—it has no defects.

The "J. H." Tonneau Shield is well made and handsomely finished. Guaranteed not to rattle or injure the car. Easily installed.

Illustrated Booklet Free on Request.

The Tonneau Shield Co., Inc.

1777 BROADWAY (at 58th St.)

Phone
Circle 5640

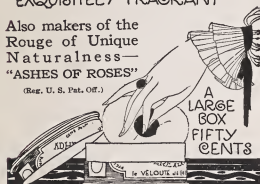
NEW YORK CITY

Bourjois' JAVA FACE POWDER

ADORABLY FRENCH
EXQUISITELY FRAGRANT

Also makers of
the Rouge of Unique
Naturalness—
"ASHES OF ROSES"

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)



Who Killed Cock Robin?

(Continued from page 45)

the melodramas of the red-ink brand have arrived at the conclusion that young Robin deserved his death. Such a thoro scoundrel was he, so devoid of honor and principle, especially toward women. He was a genuine menace to society and a particularly sinister menace, because his villainy was usually suave and well-concealed. Moreover, his youthful self-confidence was intolerable. Under the last circumstance not even a feminine jury would become sentimental over his removal.

A glance at the theatrical chart of this season discloses almost a dozen "Who Killed Cock Robin?" plays. A happy variety is seen in the mechanical details with which they have been worked out. Some have had the audience guessing thru their entire action as to the identity of the murderer, while others have let the spectators in on the secret before the first act curtain. And there are murder plays in which there is no mystery. In such a class belongs "The Jest," or "The Battle of the Barrymores," as it is sometimes called. In this gory drama, which Arthur Hopkins introduced to a palpitating public last spring, practically every crime in the De Medici calendar was committed. It was an undisguised level of cruelty, subtle tho not always refined.

There are other plays which, tho not dealing with murder, always seem on the point of it. In the latter class is "The Purple Mask," which brought Leo Ditrachstein back to New York with the New Year. Leo as a daring desperado of the royalist faction in the Napoleonic era of France and Brandon Tynan as a detective attached to the republican forces have a merry chase thruout five acts of stirring cloak-and-dagger melodrama. Bloody crime seems always just around the corner, but Leo and Brandon avert it by making the narrowest of escapes.

The real, unadulterated gory trail of the present season was first scented in the latter part of July, when "At 9.45," a product of the Owen Davis factory, was presented in William A. Brady's showrooms in Forty-eighth Street. In this melodrama the author evolved a story in which every character was suspected of murder. It packed the theater for months and not even the actors' strike could dim its appeal. Next June's summaries of the season may call its production significant for this very reason and for the additional reason that it gave Mr. Brady an opportunity to be an actor for the first time in several years.

George Broadhurst next took up the trail with "The Crimson Alibi," a thrilling murder mystery which also at various times implicated practically all the members of the cast. Cock Robin in this case was an exception to the rule. He was an old man—oh, very, very old, but ever so lecherous. He got what he deserved by the means of a dagger, and all

that the audience saw of the assassin was the hand that held the dagger. The unraveling of the mystery proved as adroit as it was exciting.

A. H. Woods was not long in getting started. He presented "The Voice in the Dark," by an unknown playwright named Ralph Dyar, at the Republic, and, like its predecessors, it aroused marked public interest. It introduced two novel characters in a deaf woman and a blind man who were witnesses at a murder trial, the first testifying as to what she had seen, the latter telling what he had heard. Mr. Woods did not stop with this production. He presented Marjorie Rambeau in "The Unknown Woman," in which a suicide took place, but which was made to seem a murder thru the ingenuity of the villain. "The Sign on the Door," the latest Woods offering, discloses the murder of Lowell Sherman, a very audacious and self-assertive Cock Robin, at 10 P. M. promptly at evening performances and 4 P. M. sharp at matinees.

Cohan and Harris can always be relied upon for a good, rousing melodrama in which no crime less than murder is committed. They are represented at present with an unusually skilful example by Rita Wieman, called "The Acquittal," in which a newspaper man proves himself a capital detective. John D. Williams offered "For the Defense," by Elmer E. Rice, who, under the longer name of Reizenstein, contributed "On Trial" some seasons back. This play made use of the familiar flash-back, borrowed from the movies, which Reizenstein introduced in "On Trial." It won steady patronage by means of its effective scenes, which showed a district attorney under the strain of choosing between love and duty.

Then there is "Smilin' Through," by Allan Langdon Martin, in which the accidental murder of Jane Cowl takes place. But Miss Cowl cannot be repressed. She comes back as a gorgeous ghost with a watchful eye upon the love affairs of her niece. And who is the niece? Why, Jane Cowl.

"Abraham Lincoln" shows the assassination of the President in Ford's Theater, Washington. "John Ferguson" had a tensely discussed Irish murder in it. Gorki's "Night Lodging" contained all kinds of criminals at that hotbed of criminology, the Plymouth Theater. Murder is avoided by the narrowest of margins in "The Storm," Langdon McCormick's scenic melodrama, at the Forty-eighth Street Theater.

And now we find playwrights extending, as it were, the gory trail into the spirit world. They are putting their audiences thru the third degree of Sir Oliver Lodge, to borrow an apt phrase, and the audiences seem to enjoy the experience. The revival in the belief of supposed spirit manifestations which the

(Continued on page 80)

How Luxuriant Lashes Aid the Expression

PICTURED BY HOPE HAMPTON



FRIGHT



PLEASURE



SORROW

*"IN ONE soft look, what language lies!"
"Soul-deep eyes," "persuading eyes." Life
teems with emotions which can be expressed
by eyes.*

Cultivate the possibilities of YOUR eyes. Increase their depth, darken their shadows, make your lashes longer by using Lashlux.

Lashlux is a delicately-scented cream, containing ingredients which make the lashes grow long and thick. Used after powdering, its nourishing oil base counteracts the destructive drying effect which powder has on the eyebrows and lashes.

Lashlux, in Brown or Dark, gives the immediate appearance of heavy lashes. For use at night, Lashlux is made in a colorless form, to be massaged into the lids before retiring.

Memorize the name. Accept no substitutes. In a dainty brown box, 50c, at the best drug stores and toilet goods counters, or direct from the makers.

ROSS COMPANY
25 East 23d Street
New York

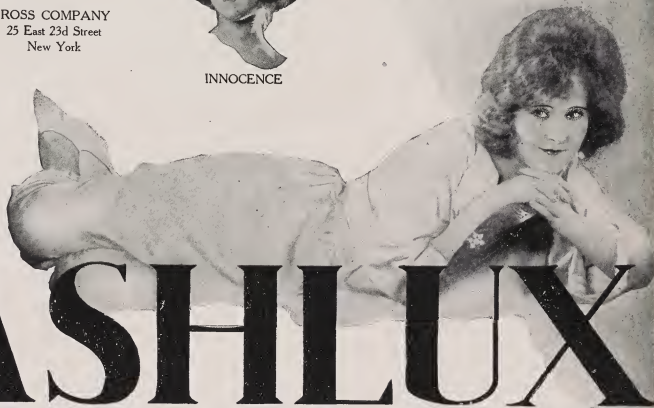


INNOCENCE



Real Beauty
is in the Eyes

"VAMP"



LASHLUX

means luxuriant lashes



Third



Prize

Second Prize



Fourth Prize



Ninth Prize



Popularity Contest Awards

Sixth Prize



FIRST PRIZE

Crescent Phonograph, piano mahogany finish (value \$160). Plays all makes of disc records: Victor, Columbia, Pathe, Edison, Emerson, etc., without the use of extra attachments or intricate adjustments; a simple turn of the sound-box is all that is necessary in changing from a lateral cut record to playing a hill and dale cut record.

A Crescent owner can enjoy a repertoire of the greatest opera singers, popular songs, dance music or anything that is turned out of the disc record. The tone of the Crescent is full, round, deep and mellow. It has a large compartment for records.



First

Prize

SECOND PRIZE

Movette Camera and three packages of films (value \$65). Compact, light, efficient, easily operated. Think of the possibilities during your vacation trip—your canoe trip—in pictures—pictures of your family or friends—living pictures that you can project at any time in your home. A priceless record of your life.

THIRD PRIZE

Corona Typewriter with case (value \$50); an all-round portable typewriter, light enough and small enough to be carried anywhere, and strong enough to stand any possible condition of travel. It is trim and symmetrical and does not give one's study the atmosphere of a business office. Fold it up and take it with you anywhere.

FOURTH PRIZE

Sheaffer "Gittie" Combination Set, consisting of a Sheaffer Fountain Pen and a Sheaffer Sharp-Point Pencil, in a handsome plush-lined box. Gold filled, warranted twenty years. Cannot blot or leak. A beautiful and perfect writing instrument.

FIFTH PRIZE

Best steel Casting Rod agate guide, cork grip, strong and durable. Packed in linen case. Can be easily put in traveling bag.

SIXTH PRIZE

Loughlin Safety Self-Filling Fountain Pen. No extensions to remember, no locks to forget.

SEVENTH PRIZE

Star Vibrator, handsomely finished in nickel plate with three attachments. Alternating current. Excellent for massage. Use it in your own home.

EIGHTH PRIZE

Same as Seventh Prize.

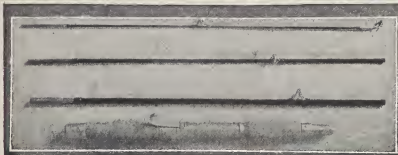
NINTH PRIZE

Marble nickel-plated pocket axe of tool steel, carefully tempered and sharpened. Indispensable in camp or woods.

have read the announcements which have appeared, and will appear, from time to time, containing the rules and regulations, you know it is actually a double contest—a contest in which both the public and players are equally interested.

The prizes depicted above and below were selected after much careful thought and attention and each one is destined to make some one happier, from the beautiful Crescent phonograph which suggests a twilight hour with the gems musical geni have given to the world, to the Marble nickel-plated axe which brings to mind a jolly time in some invitingly green woodland.

Perhaps you have not yet decided to enter the contest—if not do so now. Dont lose an opportunity of enjoying the unique entertainment it affords or of capturing one of the lovely and useful awards.



Fifth Prize



Seventh and Eighth Prizes

Greatest of All Popularity Contests

Unique Competition in Which the Voters Share in the Prizes

WHO IS THE ONE GREAT STAR OF THE SCREEN?

Is it CHARLIE CHAPLIN or ELSIE FERGUSON?

Is it RICHARD BARTHELMESS or WILLIAM S. HART?

Concerning this matter there is great difference of opinion. Every fan, in fact, has his own idol. The Wall Street broker swears by MARY PICKFORD; his wife thinks TOM MIX is the best actor the cinema has produced; the office boy has a "crush" on THEDA BARA and the stenographer collects photographs of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

What do you think? If you had a vote would you give it to NAZIMOVA or to LILLIAN GISH? Would you vote for a man or a woman or for little BEN ALEXANDER?

SHADOWLAND, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC—the three great magazines of the motion picture world—have decided to refer this question to their readers by taking a popular, world-wide vote. In regard to matters concerning the stage and theater their audience is the most intelligent and discerning; the most wide-awake and well-informed in the world today. If any picture patrons can pick out the leading star, it will be those who read **SHADOWLAND, the MAGAZINE and CLASSIC.**

The coupons will show you how to enter your own name and the name of your favorite player. But you may vote on an ordinary sheet of paper in Class Number 2 provided you make the ballot the same size and follow the wording of this coupon. We prefer the printed coupons for uniformity and convenience in counting.

There will be prizes for voters and prizes for stars.

Votes registered in Class Number 1 will probably be cast by favor. Votes registered in Class Number 2 will call for a wide knowledge of the Motion Picture business, keen powers of perception and skill at detecting the trend of popular favor. You cannot guess the winner offhand.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The contest began on December 1, 1919, and will close on September 30, 1920.
2. There will be ten ballots as follows:

December 1919 ballot	May 1920 ballot
January 1920 ballot	June 1920 ballot
February 1920 ballot	July 1920 ballot
March 1920 ballot	August 1920 ballot
April 1920 ballot	September 1920 ballot
3. The result of each month's ballot will be published in each one of our magazines the second month following such ballot.
4. No votes will be received prior to the opening date or after the date of closing.
5. Each person entering the contest and observing the rules thereof shall have the privilege of voting once in each class, each month, for each one of our magazines. You may send us one vote in each class for Shadowland every month, and the same for Motion Picture Magazine and yet again the same for Classic. Thus, you will have three votes in Class No. 1 each month, and three votes in Class No. 2 each month.

Class Number 1

SHADOWLAND, MAGAZINE and CLASSIC:
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I consider
the most popular player in the entire field of Motion Pictures.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....
Country.....
(Dated).....

Class Number 2

SHADOWLAND, MAGAZINE and CLASSIC:
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I believe that
will win the Big Three Popularity Contest with votes.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....
Country.....
(Dated).....

Remember! This is the greatest player contest in history.

Helen MacKellar: Stage Find of 1920

(Continued from page 25)

and thrilling adventure. It makes life wonderful."

She told me that the past year has been, for her, wonderful. She has been doing "The Storm," which has been so eminently successful and, while it was merely giving special matinees, she was playing in "Beyond the Horizon" with Richard Bennett, which satisfied her artistically.

"That is real happiness," she told me, "real satisfaction—to be successful in the eyes of the world, as 'The Storm' was, for instance, and, at the same time, to be doing the thing which satisfies yourself, your own need of expression . . . 'Beyond the Horizon' did that for me. I loved doing it. It was a most wonderful experience."

I asked her what she thought "Beyond the Horizon" was meant to convey by way of a message. There were so many things, so many themes it might be said to suggest.

"A square peg in a round hole," she said, "simply that. All of the people in that play might very well, very easily, have been happy, harmonious, adequately successful, each according to his kind. It proves the tragedies may become if we are thrown out of our proper spheres. We become distorted, out of character, destroyed. If I were a school teacher, for example . . ." She shuddered, delicately . . .

"Do you think," I asked, "that there was meant to be any hope signified at the end of the play?"

"None," she said, "none whatever. I spent sleepless nights before the play in the fear that I might not give to the character of Mary the tonelessness, the all-goneness I felt it called for. No, everything was gone, for all of them, everything."

"Do you think" I asked, "that life is ever so cruel?"

There was a narrowing of the very blue eyes. "Yes," she said.

I asked her her ambition, professionally. I knew that she would have one. A visionary with a college training would have.

"It is to play *Barrie*," she said; "I do wish that I could. I have always longed to. I love his whimsicality, his wistfulness, his delicacies. I feel that I could really give interpretations worthy of him."

"Do you think that you shall, eventually?"

Miss MacKellar clasped her hands about her knee and penetrated the inexplicable future with her eyes. She has a way of doing that. So might she have sat in her freshman days at college with some chosen comrade sketching out the triumphant progress to the pinnacle where hangs the budding laurel.

"Do you know," she said, "I have found out that I get just about what I want by wanting that thing *hard* enough, and then keeping on wanting it and thinking about it, and then, all at once,

it comes to me. That sounds like egotism, and it's probably mere luck, but it has worked out that way thus far."

Helen MacKellar has the power of thought and knows how to apply it.

She has the will to do . . . and she does.

She has youth. She has a characteristic beauty, not dependent upon feature but upon the animating spirit within.

She has individuality. There is something of the description Henry gave of R. L. S. applicable to her: "A deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck, much Antony, of Hamlet most of all, and something of the Shorter Catechist."

The New Art of Camera Painting

(Continued from page 74)

of the muscles, that shall best express the real soul of the man or woman before him. No one whose photograph he takes knows when it is taken.

When some outside circumstance intervenes to prevent a sitter from revealing his real personality, Murray's knowledge of facial muscles enables him to move the face of the picture itself into the desired expression. For example, one woman who came for a portrait study wished to be taken smiling, but a recent bereavement had saddened her so that she was totally unable to smile naturally. Her picture was taken, sober and careful, but when it came from the artist's hands the lips were curving, the whole face lighted up with her old, joyous smile!

Not all of his work is character portraiture. His purely decorative compositions—studies of the nude and pictorial photographs—are strikingly fresh in their imaginative power. Here the artist instinct in Murray is given free play. Whether it is an exuberant naked child figure with the joyous vigor of a wild fawn or Washington Arch seen on a night of rain, his photographs have all the quality, composition and shadings of paintings, an illusion which he sometimes heightens by printing them by a method of his own invention giving the effect of a canvas background.

"Most photographers take pictures the hardest way it can be done," he says. "I take them in the simplest way. The background that obtrudes, the costume that distracts the attention, the artificial pose, these I hate. They smother the personality and the portrait is worthless; they ruin the composition and the picture is a jumble and not art."

Keats said it in other words: "Beauty is Truth, Truth, Beauty, this is all ye know or need to know." So believes Nicholas Murray. His photographs are planned to reveal instead of assume, to interpret rather than flatter. And they are art because they show us the beauty their creator sees in the thing he pictures.

Wave Your Own Hair
IN 20 MINUTES BY THIS SIMPLE
LITTLE DEVICE WITHOUT HEAT

WEST ELECTRIC
Hair Curlers



Produce a most beautiful and lasting wave.
Cannot cut, catch, break or injure the hair.
Card of 5-25* Card of 2-10*

WEST HAIR NETS

GOLD SEAL, 25c TOURIST, 3 for 50c
BEACH and MOTOR, 50c

GRAY AND WHITE—DOUBLE PRICE

Full head size—made by hand from long strong human hair.
Free from knots. Perfect match in all shades, including gray and white.

On sale at most good stores or supplied direct on receipt of price and your dealer's name.



Look for this talking cabinet.

WEST ELECTRIC HAIR CURLER CO.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DO IT TODAY

Tomorrow will always be 24 hours too late

You have been thinking a good deal of late about the other fellow's luck—and your misfortune. You read or hear about some good fortune that has fallen to someone, and you immediately exclaim: "What luck! If I only had his chance!" This man's so-called luck consisted of persistence and study. He used today's time to get ready for tomorrow's work. When he reached the top everybody called it luck.

This same luck is open to you. The American College is ready to help you. Are you ready to be helped?

Send for our free OPEN DOOR booklet



175 DUFFIELD STREET

We Believe in Everybody Who Believes in Himself



This photograph shows the group of final winners and honor-roll members of last year's contest.

The Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920

being held by The Motion Picture Magazine, The Motion Picture Classic, and Shadowland, is the biggest and best opportunity ever offered you to realize your screen ambition.

Think of the opportunity which will be given you this year! "Love's Redemption" is the title of the five-reel feature play that is being produced by us, which will include many of the contestants of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest. Blanche McGarity and Anetha Getwell, winners of last year's contest, have been chosen to play leading parts. Dorian Romero has been selected as the "heavy." Edward Chalmers, Alfred L. Rigali, Dorothy Taylor, Seymoure Panish, Joseph Murtaugh, Lynne Berry, Arthur W. Tuthill, William Castro, Hammer Brothers, Clarence Linton, Buntly Manly, Erminie Gagnon, have also been assigned parts. Among the distinguished men who will probably take part in the play are Edwin Markham, the great poet; Hudson Maxim, the famous inventor; James J. McCabe, District Superintendent of Public Schools, New York City, and Judge Frederick E. Crane of the Court of Appeals of New York State. Each issue of every one of our several publications will hereafter contain interesting news of the progress of the play.

SHADOWLAND ENTRANCE COUPON

Name (street)
 Address (city) (state)
 Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any
 When born Birthplace
 Eyes (color) Hair (color)
 Complexion
 Do you want to take part in the Five-Reel Feature Drama?

RULES FOR 1920 CONTESTANTS

Contestants shall submit one or more portraits. On the back of each photo an entrance coupon must be pasted, or a similar coupon of your own making.

Post-card pictures, tinted photographs and snapshots not accepted. Photographs will not be returned to the owner.

Contestants should not write letters regarding the contest, as it will be impossible to answer them. All rules will be printed in all three magazines.

Photos should be mailed to **CONTEST MANAGER, 175 Dufield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.** Send as many as you like.

The contest is open to every one, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage rôles.

Contest closes August 1, 1920, but photos mailed on that day will be accepted.